JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 9, 1924. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXIV. No. 922. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1924. TWOPENCE.

MORRIS'S HAVANA "BLEND" Cigarettes
Have the flavour, mildness and fine aroma of a good Havana Cigar.
10 for 6d. 20 for 1/-
Of all tobacconists.

THE LARGEST NET PAID SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

A Sunshine Tonic for All

by "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

INFLUENZA
strikes down the unfit—

MOST of us lead less healthy lives during winter than in summer time. Less fresh air and exercise weaken our powers of resistance to disease. The system gets run down, the digestion faulty, and influenza and kindred winter ailments gain an easy foothold.

There is one proved way of keeping the 'inner man' healthy; first thing every morning drink a glass of water (warm or cold) sparkling with a dash of ENO's "Fruit Salt."

ENO gently and surely frees the system from accumulated poisons and waste products, purifying the blood, enabling you to offer stubborn resistance to the attacks of disease.

ENO possesses the beneficial qualities of fruit in a convenient form, and contains no drastic mineral aperient such as Epsom or Glauber Salts.

Get the handy size bottle of ENO at your chemist—it costs only 1/9.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"
TRADE MARK
The Original Effervescent Saline

JOHN BULL'S

2/6 "Everpointed" Pencils FREE!

Send no Money!

Mr. F. Kyte, 81, Ryland Rd., Egbaston, writes: "The Gift is 'IT.' I find it difficult to express my feelings of the Golden Set. How does it pay you? If you profit it isn't on the sale of the set." This is typical of the hundreds of letters received in praise of the Golden Gift Sets. Write for your Set to-day. Send no Money.

Golden Set No. 1

Contains the 5s. Masterpiece Lever Filler Pen, with 14ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped, and safety cap. For all practical purpose equal to Pens costing 17/6. Written 2 years' guarantee. With every Pen we present a handsome 2/6 'Everpointed' Pencil FREE!

superbly chased, complete with rubber and re fills.

Golden Set No. 2

Contains a slightly shorter model of the 5/- Masterpiece Pen fitted with 14ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped and safety cap, and a 2/6 'Everpointed' Pencil FREE, (Lady's size with pendant top).

Fill in the Coupon To-day!

Presentation Coupon.

"John Bull" Pen Dept., Long Acre, W.C.2.
Please send the Golden Set described below. (Cross out one not required.) If I decide to keep same I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (which includes pocket clip and postage) and accept the 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil Free, otherwise I will return in new condition within three days from receipt.

No. 1 Golden Set, containing the "Masterpiece" Model Pen and 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE.

No. 2 Golden Set, containing "Masterpiece" Pen (lady's) and 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE.
State if broad, medium or fine nib.
(Cross out grades not required.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

DATE .....

Cross cheque, P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." J.B. 9.2.24.

Postage and registration abroad, 6d. each set

JOHN BULL'S

Great Free Insurance Gift

Thousands of letters from gratified readers

"IT'S nice to sit at my desk and read what a real boon my Free Insurance Gift is to my readers. I like to dwell on little phrases like these which are continually cropping up: 'Accept my sincerest thanks for your promptness and kindly consideration'; 'I shall make it known what a friend you are in time of need,' or again (this from a widow): 'I don't know what I would have done without your generous cheque and kindly sympathy.'*

"Although I glow with pride when I go through all these letters, the reason for them is quite simple. It comes as a relief to my readers to find they can look to JOHN BULL for kindly sympathy and consideration, and they appreciate too the opportunity of putting their case before me personally instead of before an Insurance Company.

"Fire, Accidents, Storm, Flood, Sport, Sickness—they all come when least expected. Sign the forms below now."

** Copies of these letters, together with thousands of others, may be seen on our files.*

A few of the BENEFITS PAID this week:

Fire
Up to £400

LOWER EDMONTON, N.9.—H. BAGNALL, 77, Chatsworth Road.
WALTHAMSTOW, E.—F. J. WALKER, 153, Chelmsford Road.
UPPER EDMONTON, N.18.—P. SOUTHCOTT, 9, Cowper Road, Fore Street.
PADDINGTON.—Mrs. M. EASTMAN, 44, Alt. Western Road.
NANTGARW (Near Cardiff).—W. WOODHOUSE, 35, Oxford Street, Police Station.
FERNDALE, GLAM.—D. LEWIS, 29, Aberdare Road, Blaenllechau.
NEW CLEETHORPES, LINCS.—F. HAMILTON, 35, Ward Street.
HILLSBOROUGH, SHEFFIELD. — Mrs. E. BASCOM, 12, Dykes Hall Road.
WALTON, LIVERPOOL. — D. BLACK, 39, Sandeman Road.
IPSWICH, SUFFOLK.—Mrs. K. A. CATCHPOLE, 196, Rose Hill Road.
BOOTLE, LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. SERGEANT, 6, Washington Street.
SANDPITS, BIRMINGHAM. — Mrs. W. LEWIS, 3, Rack, 62, Nelson Street.
WANDSWORTH, S.W.—G. HARBOLD, 12, Baylis Road.
TEDDINGTON.—Mrs. A. L. ALLWAY, 14, Sydney Road.
BOOTLE, LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. C. KELSOY, 27, Browning Street, Rimrose Road.
LANCASTER.—Mrs. BATEMAN, 5, Bulk Road.
EXMOUTH, DEVONSHIRE. — W. P. LELLEY, 2, Bicton Street.
NORWICH.—Geo. FASKIN, 101, Oak Street.
DINGLE, LIVERPOOL. — W. H. FOULKES, 14, South Grove, South Hill Road.
LEITH, SCOTLAND.—THOS. COCKBURN, 8, Ferrier Street.
SOUTHAMPTON. — Mrs. V. P. MILLARD, 5, Union Street, Canal Walk.
BRADFORD.—H. H. CLARK, 10, Tichborne Road, West Bowling.
BRENTWOOD.—F. R. WEBB, South Villa, Warley Road.
CUMBERLAND.—W. EDWARDS, 4, Sea View, St. Bees.
STAFFS.—E. BLOOMER, 14, Meaghan Street, Quarry Bank.
CAERPHILLY, GLAM.—W. S. GREEN, 3, Southern Street.
SCUNTHORPE, LINCS.—S. H. FRITH, High Street, Ashby.
SHEFFIELD.—A. E. BURGESS, 11, Frith Street, Hollinsend.
CANNOCK.—J. GOUGH, 14, Hednesford Road, Heath Hayes.
WIDNES.—E. R. WILLIAMS, 11, Bridge Street, West Bank.
LOWER EDMONTON, N.9.—Mrs. BURRIDGE, 8, Wellington Avenue.

Sickness Benefits
£5-5-0

—for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax and Tetanus (or Lockjaw).

CINDERFORD, GLOS.—Mrs. F. JACKSON, 2, Victoria Road.
FURNACES (Near CINDERFORD), GLOS.—J. JACKSON, 2, Victoria Street.
SENGHENYDD (Near CARDIFF).—Mrs. E. A. FRANCIS, 7, Lr. Brynhyfryd Terrace.
BUCKNALL, NOTTS.—Geo. SWAIN, 19, Hanbin Street.
BECKENHAM.—Mrs. M. M. COOPER, "Oakdene," 21, Ravenscroft Road.
FALFIELD, GLOS.—JAS. PAYNE, Rifle Cottage, Whitfield.
S.E.16.—Mrs. E. R. PAYNE, 10, Edam Road, Cliftonville Estate.
TOOTING, S.W.17.—Mrs. D. BEARN, 24, Nutwell Street.
GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE. — Mrs. S. CRAWFORD, 7, South Row, Salt Meadows.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. J. K. L. WARD, 6, Bracton Drive.
GLOUCESTER.—Mrs. G. HAMBLETT, 22 Union Street.
CWM, MON.—Mrs. M. SIMMONDS, 6, School Terrace.

Accident Benefits
£3 per week

KING'S LYNN, NORFOLK.—Mrs. R. FLOWERDEW, 28, Hillington Square.
LEEDS.—Mrs. G. E. BRADBURY, 39, Burton Grove, Beeston Hill.
BELFAST.—Wm. YOUNG, 45, Palmer Street.
GREENOCK.—Mrs. MARY CAMPBELL, 9, Mill Street.
LEEDS.—Mr. F. NORMAN, 5, Ida Terrace, Stanningley.
GLOUCESTER.—Miss. K. G. FREEMANTLE, 10, Bewley Road.
ESSEX.—Mrs. E. WOOD, 29, Kennedy Road, Barking.
PARKLEY.—Mrs. A. SCOTT, 3, Garthland Lane.
WOMBWELL, BARNSLEY.—Mrs. C. JONES, 76, George Street, Low Valley.
CWMBACH, ABERDARE.—Mrs. E. HUGHES, 5, Blaenant-y-Gross Road.
RUABON, N. WALES.—Mrs. M. DUNHAM, 19, Avon Terrace, Afon Goch.
WENVOE (Near CARDIFF).—OLIVER HENN, Butler's House, at Wenvoe Castle.

Burst Hot-Water Pipe.

HEADINGLEY, LEEDS.—J. PARKER, 16, Bennett Road.
EDINBURGH.—Thos. LAWSON, 25, Milton Street.
BUCKHAVEN, FIFE.—Mrs. J. CHRISTIE, 42, Wellesley Road.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS.—Bonuses in respect of the above benefits have been paid to the Newsagents concerned.

Total Benefits now paid—11,410.

CUT HERE

J.B. 9.2.24.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate verifying registration will be sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

J.B. 9.2.24.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

When you push on to the crowded bus, you gather germs from the dozens of hands that have grasped the bus-rail before you. The germs you gather may not affect you, but they may mean sickness to the loved ones in your home.

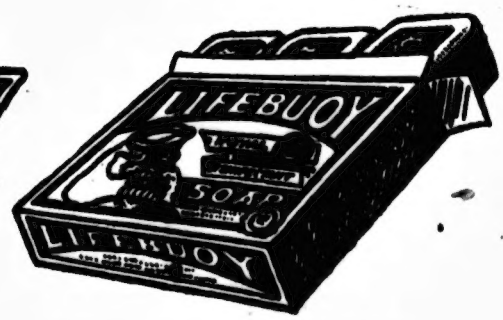
Don't carry contagion home

KEEP Lifebuoy Soap at the office or works and wash with it before you leave. Have it at home and rid yourself of the grime and germs of the crowd. Lifebuoy is a safeguard to your family and a protection to yourself.

Doctors tell us that most disease germs are transmitted from the hands through the mouth, so there's nothing far-fetched in saying that clean hands are essential to health. Antiseptic cleanliness can be gained by using Lifebuoy, the great health soap.

The name LEVER *on soap is a guarantee of purity and excellence.*

LIFEBUOY SOAP



L 264—34 LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

WHEN SENDING
Write name and address in b'ock letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send Money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

The Mail Order Market

A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain-Hunters

14 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

The greatest wash-day boon ever invented. The new and improved 'SWIFSURE' Patent BALL-VALVE VACUUM Washer is a triumph of BRITISH inventive genius.

A TUB OF CLOTHES WASHED IN 4 MINUTES
NO BOILING
NO RUBBING
NO SCRUBBING
100,000 Satisfied Purchasers
Made of Solid Copper.

Carr. 19/6 paid.

SEND NO MONEY

Just send a postcard to-day and the "SWIFTSURE" will be sent CARRIAGE PAID for your 14 DAYS FREE TRIAL.

Send for our Bargain List of Labour Saving Appliances
BRITISH VACUUM WASHER CO. (Dept. 30) Liverpool

Astounding Bargain
200 Only Left.
3 Piece China Set
CLOCK AND TWO VASES.
BEST FRENCH MANUFACTURE

Movement Guaranteed.
Cash with Order.
12/6
PER SET, NET.
Post free.

R. HERBERT & CO. (DEPT. J.B.),
27, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2.

CHARMING NECESSITY!
YOU NEED THIS

3/6

USELESS YOU HAVE AN ELECTRIC LIGHT SWITCH RIGHT BY YOUR BEDSIDE. Beautiful Electric Table or Wall Light, with own Battery, on polished wood base, with brass arm and coloured glass shade. Does not require plugs or house current. Lasts for months if used intermittently. Refills post free 9d. Does away with candles and matches, and saves its cost in a few weeks on matches alone. Securely packed, post free 4/-, or with three extra refills, post free 8/-. Other models for enthusiasts, etc.

BRYARS (Dept. J.B.) 58, New Bond St., London, W.1.

SPECIAL OFFER
to the Public of
50,000 NEW KILTS
In all Regimental Tartans.

Each Kilt consists of 4½ yards of all wool Tartan, lined flannel, Suitable for the making of Ladies' Shirts and Coats, Children's Dresses and Coats, Table Covers, Curtains, and numerous other articles.

These Kilts are unused and unissued Government Surplus Stock.

8/3 POST FREE.
2 for 15/6 POST FREE.

"Gordon" Sporrans complete with Badge, Post free 5/6

L. E. COTTRELL & CO.
Dept. J.B.,
Government Contractors,
245, Oxford Street, London, W.1
Over Bakerloo Tube.
Theny: Gerrard 6348.

GOOD LUCK
FOLLOWS JU-JU, THE NIGERIAN MASCOT

Don't merely hope for better luck in 1924—make it a dead-sure certainty by wearing a fascinating Ju-Ju Charm. Armed with the Ju-Ju's mysterious powers of attracting good fortune, everything you touch will turn out well. Read what two or three of thousands of lucky ones say—

"In a few days my luck starts 4."
M. S., Brighton.

"I have been exceptionally lucky."
K. C., Boston.

Let this be your Lucky year! Never mind what reception any I wear a Ju-Ju and confound them with the amazing way you will prosper and profit in every field. Adopt Ju-Ju and bid a permanent farewell to ill-luck.

Sterling Silver, 5s. } post
9ct. Gold ... £1 } free

Some people say I've been lucky since wear a Ju-Ju Mascot.

JU-JU SOCIETY,
4, Imperial Bldgs., Westgate-st., Bonsecours-on-Tyne.

Money refunded if not approved.

"THE BOLTON"
DIRECT FROM FACTORY
Carriage Paid on approval
Ball-Bearing Tangent Cycle Wheels

£6:17:6

Beautifully Upholstered. Large and Roomy. Loose Cushions. Finest Materials and Finish throughout. The Lightest and Easiest Running Carriage made.

Cheaper Models from £3:12:6

Write for Free Catalogue No. 10.

S. BOLTON, Read, London, E.8

MASTERS' "CORSICAN" BOOT
Black or Tan.

SATISFACTION BY POST

To prove the genuine quality of these "Corsican" boots, send a deposit of 3/- and have the boots to examine before paying anything further. The "Corsican" is our special brand, extra thick soles for hard wear, leather-lined and built to satisfy the most particular and the price is only 22/6 cash or 25/- on easy terms within the reach of all. 3/- deposit and 3/- monthly after delivery. Deposit refunded if not satisfied. Send 3/- and say size required. Ladies' Shoes 25/- or 3/- monthly. PRICE LIST OF BOOTS, SUITS, WATCHES, &c., POST FREE.

MASTERS, Ltd., 83, Hope Stores, RYE.

Bald Men Grow Hair

Surprising reports are coming from men who were bald or losing hair and who acquired a new, vigorous growth by using a peculiar compound that awakens life in dormant hair roots.

"The front of my head was completely bald for nearly 20 years. Now I have an abundance of hair," is the report of Mr. T. J. Harding. "All bare parts are now covered with a nice growth of hair," writes Mr. E. Arnold. Imagine the enthusiasm of Mr. T. Hellier when he reported: "I have now a strong healthy growth of hair where I have been bald for 10 years." Mr. R. Stott reports even after only three weeks' use of Kotalko, bald patches of 12 years' standing were covered with hair.

Anyone who is losing hair, or is bald, may obtain a testing box of Kotalko by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53 B.P.) London. W.1

GET IT FREE!
FREE BOOK OF AMAZING BARGAINS
Send a postcard now for H. Samuel's FREE BOOK
It's packed with thousands of Bargains in Jewellery, Watches & Plate at next to Factory Prices.
FREE PRIZES with lots of splendid gifts for all buyers.
30/-
Diamond Half Hoop 30/-
WRITE NOW FOR FREE BOOK
H. SAMUEL,
100, MARKET ST., Manchester. H. Samuel, Ltd.
POCKET WATCH Handsome Flat Watch Highly polished Nickel Case. Reliable Jewelled movement, accurately timed and guaranteed.
7/6

CLARNICO LILY BRAZILS
— 8d per ½lb

PHILLIPS 'PRESIDENT'
Light Rubber Soles . . . Invisible.
Ladies' 2/- . . . Men's 3/- per pair.

'TONSILS' 'ADENOIDS'
and all
CATARRHAL TROUBLES
in Children and Adults
should be treated by
The KYNASTON Method

"95 per cent. of the operations for the removal of TONSILS and ADENOIDS are totally unnecessary."

THIS definite statement is made by Dr. Kynaston, one of the best known West End Throat, Nose and Ear Specialists, who, after years of study and practical application, has perfected a medical treatment which does away with those operations and is a certain remedy for CATARRH.

The treatment is so simple that it can be carried out with absolute confidence in your own home.

Write, enclosing 1½d. in stamps, or call for particulars

Director, Dr. Kynaston's Institute,
CONNAUGHT MANSIONS, 34, VICTORIA STREET LONDON, S.W.1
Telephone: Victoria 124.

Who Wants a Fiver?

SHOPPING in imagination evidently appeals to our readers, for the postcards are arriving in thousands, and each week sees an increase both in quantity and quality.

This week the first prize of £5 is awarded to E. McLeod, Victoria Boarding House, 13, Royal Road, Ramsgate, whose list is eminently practical and indicates a sure eye where value for money is offered.

The second prize of £1 goes to Mrs. Miller, 40, Annis Road, E.9, and 50 attractive consolation prizes have been forwarded to other competitors.

There is no need to wait until the last minute before sending in postcards. The earlier they are sent in the better. On the other hand there is no penalty attached to delay so long as efforts are received by the time indicated.

Another fiver this week for the best imaginary expenditure of £5 with JOHN BULL advertisers. In addition there is a second prize of £1 and 50 consolation prizes.

Use postcards only. Address to "Advertisement," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, to reach here by the first post Wednesday, February 18.

THE "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. *If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.*

Digging for Bullets

READERS who find difficulty in evolving bright ideas for our "Bullets" competition might follow the lead of Mr. Alex Paterson, of 5½, Eden Place, Aberdeen, who writes to us:

"I have been a regular reader for some time past now, and find that the *Passing Show* is invaluable for giving me ideas for Bullets."

Readers who have not yet made the acquaintance of the *Passing Show* in its new form should do so if they want to find a perfect goldmine of ideas, wit and humour.

In next Saturday's issue there is also a red-hot article by A. G. Gardiner, well known to JOHN BULL readers for his trenchant opinions, on the real implications of the present Labour unrest.

No man or woman who takes a serious interest in affairs should miss this brilliant analysis.

G. K. Chesterton writes again in his own inimitable style, and "proves," as only G.K.C. can, that "science is useless to humanity."

JOHN BULL readers need no reminding of the value of our Insurance Scheme. They will understand why we draw their attention to the fact that the *Passing Show* presents its registered readers with an Insurance Gift that has many novel and attractive features.

The wit and wisdom of the world, articles, stories and pictures by the best writers and artists in the country, and a Free Insurance Gift! And the price is still 2d.

You must get the "P.S." You simply cannot afford to close your eyes to this brilliant passing pageant of literary talent and artistic wonder.

You cannot miss the beautiful coloured cover on the bookstalls.

Make a dive for it before the issue is sold out!

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate : 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

20,000-WORD new Mail Order Business Guide, Illustrated, 1/6. 32-page Catalogue, 2d.—J. & B. Wilkes, Publishers, Stockton, Rugby.

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads fr. 5/6. Handbills fr. 7/6. Memos, Business Cards, etc. Samp. free.—Cretcway Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

BUY your goods direct from actual makers abroad and save middlemen's profits; particulars 6d. — Traders' Service Agency, 14, Billiter House, London, E.C.3.

BARGAIN SALES.

"**JOHN BULL**" has spotted a wonderful little bargain for you this week. It's something that would be useful to any man or woman, and can be had for 3/6! Read more about this bargain advert. of Bryars on page 4, headed "A Charming Necessity."

WALLPAPERS direct (non-combine), therefore cheapest, from 3½d. Write for free 1924 patt. bk. —Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road, Leeds.

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING! WHY PAY SHOP PRICES? Newest Patterns in Metal and Wood. Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots etc., Furniture, bedroom and general. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home in perfectly new condition. Send postcard to-day for illustrated Price Lists. Discount for cash or by monthly instalments. Established 38 years. — Charles Riley, Desk 16, Moor Street, Birmingham.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. —Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

SUEDE LEATHER, all beautiful colours, 9d. ft. Buy direct. Send 2d. stamp for set of patterns.—Catt, Leather Wks., Northampton.

SHIRTS FROM LOOM TO WEARER.—Consider what this saves you. We weave the best materials ourselves, our workers give the best trade union service, WE SELL DIRECT and cut out middlemen. You get super-shirts at less than ordinary prices. Finest Union, 8/11. Flannel, 11/11. Real All-wool Flannel, 14/11. Slender, medium, and big to every neck size. Comfortable wash-well, wear-well service from every shirt. Goods by return and money back as fast if dissatisfied. Catalogue free.—S. M Co., Ltd., Dept. B., Woodlands Mill, Manchester, N.

BRACES.—Best finish, soft leather. Patent adjustment, no buckles. Last a lifetime. 4/- pair, worth 7/6.—F. Price, 13, Perschouse St., Walsall.

HARRIS.—Genuine Harris and Scotch Tweeds, also Knitting Wools, direct from Scotland; selection of patterns post free.—C. GRANT, 211, Union Street, ABERDEEN.

You can Play the Piano To-day

By Naunton's National Music System.

IT makes no difference whether you have had previous lessons or not, whether you are eighty years of age or only eight, we guarantee that you can play the piano to-day by this wonderful and simple system. There are no sharps, flats, or theoretical difficulties to worry you, and no tiresome or wearisome exercises or scales to be learnt. You play correctly with both hands at once. No difficulty or drudgery whatever.

FAILURE IS IMPOSSIBLE.

You cannot fail. All you have to do is to sit down to the piano with our music and play it at once—HYMNS, DANCE MUSIC, CLASSICS, ANYTHING.

You can play. Your child can play. Anyone can play.

OVER 50,000 PEOPLE ARE PLAYING BY IT, AND ARE PLAYING PERFECTLY. IF THEY CAN DO IT, SO CAN YOU.

No one need ever say again : "I wish I could play." Everyone can do it to-day.

LET US TELL YOU ALL ABOUT THIS WONDERFUL, SIMPLE and RAPID SYSTEM.

Take advantage of the offer we make on the Coupon, and by return of post you will receive eight tunes which we guarantee you can play; thus you can prove for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to you, and give you many years of purest pleasure.

A PUPIL WRITES :—

"I think your system is splendid. Before I began on the course I had not any knowledge of music. Now I can play anything. It is the quickest and easiest way anyone could try."

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON

JOHN BULL, 9th Feb., 1924.

To the Manager, Naunton's National Music System,
27, High Street, Oxford St., London, W.C.2.

I send herewith postal order for **One Shilling and Sixpence**, in return for which please send me your "Special No. 1," containing eight tunes, published at 2s. 6d.; also particulars of how I can become a thorough musician.

NOTE.—Please fill in Postal Order payable to Naunton's National Music System. To Colonial and Foreign readers: British Money and Postal Orders only accepted.

Name .....

Address .....

Date .....

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

£ 20/- Capital and your living guaranteed. —Write now for free guide of Drapery, boots, etc.—H. Marks, 81, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery trade. How to start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 98, High Street, Manchester.

DRAPERS, MARKETMEN.—Send for list of clearing lines at Bargain Prices.—CHEW & CO., Roger St. Warehouse, Manchester. (Wholesale only.)

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH
CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand Value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to FREEMAN'S, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

PART-TIME Agency.—Ex. opportunity for persons in regular employment to sell Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Jewellery, etc.; cash or credit; good com.—Apply, J. Turner (Dept. 19), 16, The Arcade, Grattan Road, Bradford.

WHOLE-TIME Salesman-Collectors required by large London Agency House supplying for cash and credit Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Jewellery, Household Requisites, Lino, etc., etc. Best value in the trade; favourable terms. Only men of unimpeachable integrity who can supply guarantee or security need apply. State age and full particulars of experience. Letters only.—Sales, c/o Smith's, 10, High Holborn, W.C.1.

AGENTS Wanted, either sex, to form clubs. Persons in large Offices, Factories, etc., offered 5/- in the £ com. on easily sold article.—Write, Myra Co., 132, Croyland Rd, Edmonton, London, N.9.

AGENTS, spare-time, make 30/- or more easily per week.—Write, Modern Supply Co., 33, Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

DOES £1,000 A YEAR TEMPT YOU?

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Vol. XXXV. No. 923.
Week ending Saturday,
Feb. 9, 1924. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets

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For the People — the Right to Justice & Truth

93, Long Acre,
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Telephone:
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London.

Yap! Yap!

Already there is dissatisfaction among the rank and file of Labour who accuse their leaders of aiming at respectability rather than revolution. But the hotheaded talk will remain just talk. The malcontents are in a big minority.

Belated Bouquets.

The rabid anti-Socialist Press is now handing bouquets to the Premier. He has "a great chance," by which they mean "a great chance to bow to the dictation of the Press gang." Vulgarly speaking, we don't think!

Poor Mr. Lansbury!

Certain members of the Labour Party are piqued at their exclusion from office. Mr. MacDonald's acumen has given them an unpleasant shock. There is nothing like responsibility for separating the wheat from the chaff.

No Sinecure.

Labour Ministers are still being criticised for accepting the official scale of salaries. Their critics needn't worry. When pay-day comes they will have earned every penny they get.

But It Won't!

On assuming office, the Prime Minister and five of his colleagues immediately resigned from executive office on the Socialist International. If the *Daily Mail* had any sense of decency it would apologise for its ridiculous outbursts on the matter.

Staging a "Comeback."

Before the new Parliament is very old the leadership of the Tory Party will have changed hands. When Mr. Baldwin goes, our tip is Mr. Austen Chamberlain.

That's the Talk!

Mr. Wheatley, Minister of Health, is right when he says housing must be thought of in millions. We welcome also the fact that he is alive to the existence of two Trusts—the building ring and the building unions. With Mr. Wheatley at its head, the Ministry of Health should cease to be a white elephant.

Plain Words to France.

The Premier has the nation behind him in the straight hints he has given M. Poincaré. The country is tired of the suicidal impasse and will support wholeheartedly any statesmanlike effort to find a way out.

The Writing on the Wall.

M. Poincaré's Ministry is nearing its end. The falling franc, reparations, and the tremendous scandal of exaggerated war claims will prove his downfall. Then will dawn some hope for Europe.

"A Change of Mentality."

On the question of reparations there is already, as Mr. McKenna says, a changed outlook. The blunt commonsense of the ex-Chancellor has speedily blunted the edge of French obstinacy.

What Will He Do?

The Premier would be wise to take the bull by the horns and announce his policy, in view of the threatened Labour unrest. He is in a unique and, to some extent, an invidious position. A straight word would give the nation confidence.

Turning Wheels.

British bankers without exception are happy about British credit, and about our financial and industrial situation. Unless futile strikes intervene, there is no doubt trade is at last on the road to recovery.

Wicked Futility.

The railway strike was settled on terms offered the day before the strike began. There could not be a neater proof of our contention that the strike weapon is a useless relic.

Avoid Another.

The dockers will, we trust, take this lesson to heart. Negotiations would prevent even a dockers' strike, and the time for prolonged conference is before a strike, which merely inflames feelings and proves nothing.

Burnt Fingers.

In their haste to discredit the Government, several newspapers published articles on the railway strike which they must now be ruefully regretting. Only those behind the scenes know of the pressure brought to bear to end the disastrous folly.

Beauty In Embryo.

We welcome the appointment of a Fine Arts Commission to advise those concerned with town-planning and similar activities. Anything that helps to remove some of the sordidness of our civilisation is all to the good.

Restoring Our Self-respect.

Mr. MacDonald has lost no time in recognising Russia This one practical move implies the re-emergence of Britain as an independent factor in world politics.

Another Door to Open.

America has recognised the Mexican Government—with consequent advantages to trade. But Britain will not be far behind, and a resumption of diplomatic relations is in sight.

Folly's Doom.

You can take it from us that the next reference to the Singapore folly will be the announcement that the scheme has been abandoned. Besides checking waste, this will disarm suspicion of Britain's naval activities.

Incredible!

The Inland Revenue Authorities who ordered 35,000 copies of a form to be printed, although the Act on which it was based was repealed in 1922, pass the limit of stupidity. No wonder we continually criticise Whitehall waste.

Sharing The Spoil.

Receipts from Patent Medicine Duty continue to rise, but as most of the remedies are patent frauds the State is in the position of sharing in the plunder of the public by charlatans who do more harm than good. Not nice, but true.

Bad for Bootleggers.

With the signing of the Anglo-American Treaty on "rum-running," a serious cause of friction has been removed. At the same time, Britain is cleared from any suspicion of connivance in this illegal trade.

Hope for the Unemployed.

The proposal to raise a loan for facilitating National development work is eminently practical. What could be done during the War for destructive ends can equally be done for the constructive ends of Peace.

A Standing Scandal.

It is time Parliament gave local authorities power to levy rates on empty houses where owners refuse to let them. We present the idea to the Minister of Health for his consideration.

Shadows of the Workhouse.

We trust the Labour Party will take steps to lower the age limit for Old Age Pensions. To fix it at seventy is merely to mock old age.

Hole and Corner Government.

Parliament might advantageously turn its attention to the way the Soudan is governed. We are within an ace of being involved in another Chartered Company case.

Shameless Profiteering.

Without the least justification the railway strike was made the excuse for jumping up coal prices. As much as £6 a ton was charged for months-old stock. Such gentry need a lesson.

No Small Matter.

The Committee of Inquiry has awarded the panel doctors a capitation fee of 9s.—6d. more than the Ministry of Health offered. Where is the money coming from? Most emphatically it should not be filched from public funds.

Third Class.

The new Premier has shocked the permanent officials by travelling third class. Let us hope he will infect Whitehall with the same zest for economy in all things.

Still Starving.

The Lewis islanders are still suffering from starvation. The last Government saw fit to do nothing in particular in the matter. This is not a case for private charity. Someone must get busy—and quickly.

Exploding a Myth.

In 1923 there were only four deaths from small-pox. In one week this month 78 people died of measles, but there has been no scare worked up. Perhaps the reason is that people are not vaccinated for measles.

A Bargain.

Despite all statements to the contrary, we know that the attitude of the Building Trade Unions is that on condition that housing schemes are not scrapped they will agree to liberal dilution. Go on with the bargain; the country will see it is kept!

As We Said.

The Government has rightly interpreted the people's mind in refusing to sell its holdings in Anglo-Persian Oil. The affair reflects no credit on their predecessors.

Returning Sanity.

Both Norway and Sweden have reversed their Prohibition laws. Bit by bit the world is turning from the strangling effect of crankdom.

A Good Start.

We understand that the suggestion made by our contributor, Mr. Sydney A. Moseley, in his article on Borstal, to abolish the warder uniform of the Institution officers, has received official consideration and approval. Officers, therefore, will shortly don civilian attire in place of the uniform. This is a good start!

The Good Shepherd.

Robert Lewis, a quarryman at Penegoes, near Machynlleth, is a real hero. When all attempts to rescue a sheep which had been imprisoned on a narrow ledge in a disused quarry had failed, Lewis had himself lowered by a rope and, after a perilous descent of eighty feet, where a slip would have proved fatal, he secured the animal and both were hauled up to safety. Like the Good Shepherd, Lewis' first thought was for the sheep that was lost.

The Jazz Age.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul—but he didn't live at Bath. Mrs. Hurden, who is seventy-five, does. She has no one to talk to, and when she feels depressed she goes on the landing and does a song and dance to keep her pecker up. For this, her landlady sought to eject her. The magistrates, who are Bath bricks, refused to allow the cheery old soul to be pushed out into the street. She is now dancing for joy!

The Immortal Hour.

Wordsworth wrote a poem about Westminster Bridge at dawn. If he could see it now at night he would observe a stampede of thirsty people leaving south side "pubs," which close at ten, for north side "pubs," which are open till eleven. Magistrates are now considering a uniform closing hour. The thing is so obviously desirable that everyone, including the publicans, may well wonder what there is to consider.

Bognor's Beast.

There is at Bognor a landlord whose soul would disgrace a Hottentot. He had as a tenant of a furnished room a man, wife and two children. The wife is daily expecting a third child, and while she was taking an airing with her family, the flint-hearted landlord turned the key on them. When they returned "home," they found that, like One of old, they had nowhere to lay their heads. That landlord needs hurting.

Big Prizes.

Henrietta M'Gregor, a married woman, of South Shields, has had trouble in her life-time, which may account for her extraordinary conduct in organising a bogus maternity hospital ballot. She offered prizes amounting to £11,500, although at the time she was so hard up she was borrowing from moneylenders and pawning her jewellery to raise funds. It was a fortunate thing for Henrietta that she was prevented from going forward with her scheme.

Motherhood.

When Mrs. Kirby, of Bickerstaffe, near Ormskirk, saw her little boy in danger of being run down by a motor-car, she rushed forward and, although hampered by a baby in her arms, succeeded in pushing the lad to safety. Unfortunately, however, she was knocked down, and the car passed over her. Both the children were uninjured, but Mrs. Kirby sustained a broken collar bone and other injuries. A mother thinks nothing of her own life when her children are in peril.

Lives that are Ruined.

Dennis Ryan, of Bethnal Green, is seventy years of age, and of those seventy years he has spent thirty in prison, having been convicted thirty-three times. He has never been free for longer than twelve months during the past fifty years, and has just appeared before the Old Street magistrate again. This time he was in company with Wm. Johnson, whose terms of imprisonment total twenty-seven years. Mr. Clarke Hall pointed out that both men had been started on a life of crime by heavy first sentences, and said: "It is heartbreaking to see two men whose lives have been ruined as yours have been from the beginning." That kindly cadi is giving them a chance to reform.

Citizenship!

Only 5,690 voters out of a possible 86,418 voted in a poll on certain portions of a Parliamentary Bill being promoted by the Croydon Borough Council! It is this public apathy to vital questions that is responsible in many cases for the bad administration of Municipal affairs. When will the taxpayers realise that the conduct of the community is in *their* hands?

Migrating to Death.

Alarmed by the facts now leaking out, the Canadian authorities promise full inquiry into emigration scandals. Will they extend their inquiries to the number of emigrants from this country contracting pneumonia on arrival in Canada through being badly housed by the farmers to whom they are allotted? Leaky outhouses do not make ideal quarters in winter.

Coal-Black Profiteers.

For brazen-faced profiteering the Fife Coal Company take a bit of beating. Because the railway strike caused a scarcity of fuel in the district, these people had the audacity to raise the price of coal by 6s. the ton. In other words, they decided to wax fat by the vile means of robbing poverty-stricken homes of what little cheer the hard conditions of to-day will allow. No wonder housewives are angry.

Help for a Sister.

In response to his recent article in which he mentioned the pitiful plight of an unmarried mother, our contributor, the Rev. W. C. Poole, has received the sums of 20s., 5s., and 2s. 6d. from anonymous JOHN BULL readers, as well as many letters of sympathy from those who would have given if they could. Acts of kindness like these justify our unshakable faith in human nature. JOHN BULL readers have helped many an unknown brother and sister in their darkest hours.

The Human Machine.

DOING NOTHING.

By E. R. Thompson, M.A.

LEISURE is necessary for everyone. The man who uses his muscles all day, the man who uses his brain, the woman who runs a home, all need rest.

There is all the difference, however, between rest and idleness.

Time is the most precious commodity in the world. Not a minute should be wasted.

"Doing nothing" should be regarded as a relative term. More rest can often be got out of a change of occupation than out of idleness.

So-called "rest" is often an excuse for mere laziness.

Some people sit and think. Others just—sit! Those who just sit are always the most miserable people on earth.

Their sitting always ends in their brooding over petty grievances and fancied wrongs.

Day in and day out the human machine generates energy. If this energy is not utilised trouble results.

The best rest for the manual worker is brain activity—such as reading.

The man who uses his brain all day will find real relaxation in some work that needs the use of muscle—gardening, carpentry, and so forth.

Nevertheless, everybody benefits occasionally by real idleness, when, for half an hour or so, they literally do nothing.

The danger is lest such idleness becomes a master. Use it sparingly as a means to an end.

But use your spare time wisely. The happy man is he who is using his flow of nervous energy in creation of some sort.

Complete idleness is a medicine, and medicines are not necessary for the healthy.

Leicester's Lead.

In spite of harrowing poverty, honesty is increasing. In a district with one million inhabitants, there were no prisoners to be tried at Leicester Quarter Sessions. What do the mealy-mouthed mugwumps who declare England is going to the dogs say about this!

A Dog's Life.

A dog made Albert Dansie, a Plaistow man, angry. To make it dance he flung a cup of boiling water over the animal. "I didn't know it was boiling," was his excuse in court, and he scraped through with a £2 fine. The next time he makes a mistake that is so painful to animals he's for jail. Dansie must watch his step.

A Champion of the People.

We honour the good work of the sons of the late Edward North Buxton. Their father spent his time and money in winning Epping Forest for the public, and his last act on his deathbed was to complete the purchase of Hatfield Forest as a gift to the people. His sons are adding further gifts of land. Their noble father's monument is not in stone, but in the trees of a magnificent forest. May his memory be ever green!

Stones or Animals.

Great has been the work of the R.S.P.C.A.—so great that it is all the more surprising that a sum like £2,000 is to be spent, not on saving the lives of animals, but on a stone cenotaph to horses, dogs, canaries, mice, elephants, reindeer, oxen, camels and goldfish used for different purposes in the war. Work on the memorial is to begin shortly at a time when poor dog-owners are having their friends destroyed because they cannot afford the licences!

A Sick Man's Grit.

The stolid indifference with which a crowd of able-bodied men will stand and watch a policeman being half-murdered is positively amazing. Such a crowd watched a drunken brute named Charles Smith pummelling a policeman in Harrow Road, Paddington, and it was left to Frederick Arthur Norman, a sick man, just recovering from an influenza bout, to go to the constable's aid. While we admire Norman's grit, we are sorry to see a crowd of Britons figuring in such an unfavourable light.

Mint Sauce.

The Royal Mint which makes our money for us, or rather our coins, is run at the taxpayers' expense. Now it is going into private trade, undertaking orders in competition with the Birmingham metal industry. Replying to protest, the Mint declares that the quality of Birmingham work has greatly diminished. If it is as bad as some of the Mint's war medals, it couldn't be worse. But what we want from the Mint is our own money, not subsidised trade in competition with taxpayers.

A Love that Lasts.

"Certainly I will have you back. I have not charged you and never would," was the heroic answer of Mrs. Buckingham to her husband when, at his first appearance upon a charge of attempting to murder her, he asked her if he could return. George Buckingham is an ex-soldier, and since his wound, received in action, has been mentally depressed. The evidence showed that he attacked his wife suddenly as she lay in bed, and then tried to cut his throat. Surely, the love of this woman is above rubies.

Returning the Loot.

The cry of economy in industry caused John Patrick Reilly, of 12, Fyffe's Lane, Dundee, to be discharged by his employers when he became entitled by age to a man's wage. Up to then his record had been unquestionable, but the misery of twelve months on the dole prompted him in a moment of impulse to rob the house of a schoolmaster. Then, conscience-stricken, the anguished boy returned his loot, but the inexorable arm of the law brought him to answer for his misdeed. It was fortunate that a judge with a big heart was on the Bench at the time, and Reilly was placed on probation.

After Many Days.

Recently we told the story of a man who had invested £500 in a concern called Wheelers' Electric Shade Carriers, Ltd., and had not heard since last June from H. Wheeler, who took his money. He had not been able to trace him. After an article appeared suggesting that the victim should seek official aid, he got a telegram from Wheeler saying he intended to settle in a few days. Wheeler had better not alter his mind.

The Shipowner Pays.

We exposed the scandal of the *El Kahira* disaster, in which forty gallant seamen lost their lives, and we demanded criminal proceedings against the owner for allowing the vessel to go to sea without wireless. The owner stood in the dock at the Old Bailey last week, and was sentenced to a fine of £200, with costs. This may be a lesson to other shipowners if an inadequate comfort to the widows and orphans.

Sacking the Wrong Man.

The firm that employed Isaac Javons and George Gouldstone needs to follow the advice of the Greenwich magistrate. According to evidence, Gouldstone told Javons, a fellow worker, he was doing too much. Javons told him to mind his own business and hit him, and was afterwards "fired." "Javons was not the man who ought to have been discharged," said the magistrate, binding him over. Justice triumphant!

A White-collared Fool.

For some reason the Billericay District Council have refrained from stating the name of the local clergyman who has been the cause of spreading infectious disease in the district by his pig-headedness. This clergyman visited members of his congregation in the Isolation Hospital, but refused to wear the special antiseptic white gown provided or to wash his hands on leaving. Consequently, infection was communicated to another person. This fool is not safe to be at large.

Woman's Work.

Woman's work is not eased by the bogus Servants Registry Offices which are preying on people all over the country. Mistresses replying to their advertisements have to pay a fee of from 5s. to 10s., sometimes even £1. In return they get a list of addresses of good cooks or parlourmaids, as the case may be. Letters to these domestic treasures are frequently returned marked "Not known." Of course this is swindling, and the protection is to pay no fees in advance.

Speed the Parting Guest.

The inhabitants of the little village of Finningley, near Doncaster, have a way of their own when Mormons put in an appearance, for when three smug-faced men from Utah indulged in door-to-door visits, they were chased by irate women, who showed their feelings by hurling bucketfuls of water and belabouring them with sticks. Totally routed, these Mormon lads vanished in three different directions, and there's a rumour that they don't mean to return!

Out with it!

Secrecy has always been the policy of the Lewisham Board of Guardians when dealing with public matters. After an investigation into certain mysterious charges, the Board have dismissed two relieving officers because of grave irregularities which are alleged against them. This secrecy won't do. If these men are guilty the public must know the facts; if they are not guilty they must be protected from the stigma of suspicion that a "behind-closed-doors" policy throws on them.

Kicking the Lame Dog.

A Westminster unfortunate who has served a term of imprisonment made up his mind to run straight, but found his attempts made hopeless by some anonymous person telling his employers of his previous lapse. Two positions were lost by this persecution, and, losing heart, he again resorted to crime to give him the living he was denied by other means. Luckily, the Magistrate who had charge of the case was informed of the full facts, and another chance was rightly granted him.

Sweet Seventeen.

Pretty little Jane Ann Donoghue was happy as usher in a Glasgow cinema until she was lured, by the offer of a better job, from her home by John Cameron, a married libertine. In his company she spent a week—of horror—an experience which ought to be a warning to sweet seventeens in Glasgow and other cities. There are too many lust hounds of the John Cameron type at liberty.

Look Out, Listeners-in!

The ancient and dishonourable wheeze of the bogus inspector is being worked on listeners-in. A radio enthusiast of Wimbledon who had an elaborate set is now without it. Two smart men called, said they were inspectors of the broadcasting company, said his set was not according to regulations, and whisked it away to test it. Listeners-in must modernise their thoughts to rise to this old trick!

Luminous Dials.

Johannesburg, where the gold comes from, seems to be short of watches. The Universal Trading Co., of 89, Cornwallis Road, Holloway, London, to whom we have frequently referred, is doing its best to supply the want. It is giving away watches free to South Africans who purchase a simulation gold chain. A Johannesburg reader, who sent money, got neither watch nor chain. That may be universal trade; it is certainly not fair trade.

Kittens on the Quays.

Scenes that occur on some foreign vessels in British ports are a moral horror. At Aberdeen the other day young girls were found behind locked doors in the forecastle, and attempts had been made by a Norwegian seaman to violate one of the children. The seamen deserve the punishment they are awarded when caught in their immoralities, but many of the girls are not altogether blameless. Something should be done to prevent them frequenting harbour quays.

Problems of Life.

THE GREATEST LESSON.

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

HILAIRE BELLOC says in a wistful piece of writing that the worst thing in the world is the passing of human affection.

Another experienced observer of life has stated that the only sorrow time does not heal is loss of money; people who descend from affluence to poverty never quite reconcile themselves to the change, though they accept the inevitable in everything else.

The former opinion is based on the well-known fact that a friendship once chilled is never the same again.

It is a mean soul that loves things better than persons and is more dependent for happiness upon physical comfort than human fellowship.

Recently I heard a man say: "If I had my time to come over again I would not give my heart into the keeping of another only to have it broken and I would hold fast to what was my own; one's best friend is one's bank-book."

The words were uttered in a moment of bitterness owing to family trouble and did not represent the general tenour of the speaker's character and life.

We are all tempted at times to drop down to lower views of our relations with our fellow-mortals than the wholeness of our experience justifies.

It is a mood to which we should never give way, for it can engender nothing but vexation and bleakness of heart: the sure way to loneliness is to stop caring for those about you.

It is better to love and be hurt than not to be able to love at all.

It is better to lose all one's possessions than to lose the capacity for loyal affection.

It is better to give of your heart's best, even if it receive a poor return, than to have all your natural emotions dammed up in self-regard.

The Fretful Porcupine.

We are constantly receiving enquiries about the Porcupine Midfield Goldmine in Canada, which is being boosted here by the Commonwealth Trading Corporation, Limited, of 6, Throgmorton Street, London, E.C. 2. We have only to say once more that if the Porcupine was as good as it is said to be, the local people would buy it up like hot cakes, and save the Commonwealth Trading Corporation the trouble of touting for capital here.

Alexander the Gr———!

F. Alexander, of 24, Rushton Street, London, N., may not be qualified to call himself "the Great," but we can at least call him "the Greedy." He advertises "Easy Homework," and states that £5 weekly can easily be earned by some means which he keeps carefully locked in his brass-plated bosom. Wild horses apparently cannot drag from him the nature of the employment he offers until a fee of half-a-crown is paid, and we do not think it is worth that money to find out.

The Ten Pound Look.

"If you are one of those lucky individuals who would fall off a ten-storey roof into a roll of Treasury notes without hurting yourself, so to speak, my system of information should not interest you." In this breezy fashion F. W. Edge, of 85, Gerard Street, Derby, writes to a correspondent and endeavours to persuade him to pay £10 for information regarding a system of backing horses. Anyone who is taken in by such balderdash will simply exemplify the truth of the old adage that a fool and his money are soon parted.

Old Cent-per-cents.

The unemployment which is rife in Glasgow, as everywhere, has brought into being a set of parasites whose activities are a menace to the needy. These human lice pose as benevolent welfare-workers eager to mitigate distress by kindly loans of £5. When the credulous victim has signed the paper presented to him, "merely for form," he soon discovers that he has let himself in for interest at the rate of 100 per cent., and also repayment of the principal with 10s. extra in three months' time. Society should be relieved of such germs.

The Price of Fools.

Dean and Co., Durham Road, Sheffield, offer "Genuine Homework," but decline to disclose their scheme until their fee is paid. When last we referred to them all that applicants who risked their money received was recipes for cures for blushing, superfluous hairs, and other rubbish, which it was suggested they should, in their turn, advertise. Having thus fleeced a fool, Dean's barefacedly told him to recover his money by fleecing other fools. Their fee was formerly 1s. 6d. Now we notice they charge 2s. 6d. Perhaps fools are becoming scarcer!

A Prickly Proposition.

A few weeks ago Deigan Bros., 7, Panmure Road, Upper Sydenham, required "real live workers of good character capable of furnishing two references that will stand thorough investigation," to push "advertising pincushions," and were "prepared to pay wages of £2 weekly and commission." In addition to unexceptionable references, however, they wanted a deposit of 10s. Now M. L. Deigan, "adjoining East Dulwich Station," has taken up the matter, and will do without references so long as applicants will deposit 5s. We advise readers to be careful in handling this prickly proposition.

Hogan's New Slogan.

An innocent-minded Frenchman walking down St. Paul's Churchyard saw a man drop a rosary. The man described himself as one Hogan, left a fortune to distribute in charity. The guileless Frenchman undertook to distribute some of it in France, and handed over £230 as a guarantee of good faith. Now he is looking for Hogan, who is, of course, the notorious "Posh" Patsy of our repeated exposures. Hogan's new slogan is "Hats off to France!" When will Scotland Yard play a hand in the game?

The Eternal Kiss

TO be a genius, either literary or musical, is unhappily, in an imperfect world, no guarantee against the trying misfortune of impecuniosity.

This incontestable statement has perhaps been better put than we can put it by a gentleman called T. Todd, who now resides at Rhydganol, Llantharadr, near Denbigh, North Wales.

Writing last week to a London solicitor, Todd recalls himself to his memory as the author of a song called "The Eternal Kiss," which Mr. Todd published under the *nom de plume* of "Douglas Carroll," and which the solicitor "so kindly bought."

It seems, however, that "The Eternal Kiss" has not brought Mr. Todd eternal bliss, though he is not without matrimonial bliss. That is the burden of his letter, in which he asks for charity.

He has just been, he writes, "presented with a dear little daughter, but unfortunately I cannot, owing to lack of funds, obtain the necessary articles for mother and child, which is most serious."

We agree. And we think it also serious for the people to whom Mr. Todd writes for assistance. A non-literary, non-musical and non-genius might wonder why a London solicitor should have to pay for the upkeep of somebody's else wife in North Wales on the somewhat irrelevant ground that the proud husband and father was the author of "The Eternal Kiss."

Mr. Todd feels that the position requires some comment, and he says, "I have been in both Services, a major in one and a lieutenant in the other, R.N.V.R., so you can tell how degraded I feel having to write like this." He asks that the letter should be treated in confidence, "as I can assure you I feel far from proud of it."

Mr. Todd's delicacy does him credit. For years he has been writing begging letters, and it is touching to think that he still hates doing it.

Sometimes he has his tongue in his cheek when he writes his cadging and whining appeals, as in one letter in which he said, "Personally, I dislike this way of getting a living, because I consider it more or less a pest to the generous."

We consider him more, not less, than a pest. We have also seen letters from him in which he used to talk of helping a lame dog over a stile, and of how needs makes the naked run.

Some people may be sorry to hear of the nakedness of Mr. Todd, a disastrous handicap in which he appears to have involved his wife and newly born daughter. We at least are not surprised to hear of it, and if we were invited to express an opinion as to where he ought to run, we would willingly compromise if the police would run him in.

Society would be well rid of him for a time.

Companies that Fly by Night

"TWO'S company; three's a crowd," might be all right as a lovers' maxim, but some company promoters care nothing about numbers: The more companies they form, and the more subscribers they fleece, the better are they pleased. The public suffers.

THE reputation of the City of London for sound finance and straight forward dealing is one of the greatest factors of British prosperity. To a large extent the value of the £, all the world over, depends upon it.

This valuable asset of the British nation owes very little to British officialdom. We have no hesitation in saying that the way the authorities deal with matters like the promotion of companies, and the investment of public money, is nothing short of a crying scandal.

Take the case of a concern called the British Properties, Limited, of Oxford Circus House, 245, Oxford Street, London, W.1. This enterprise was started in March, 1919, with a nominal capital of ten thousand pounds, and was formed to deal with the purchasing and resale of property.

Amongst its other activities it took over the Pier and Pavilion at Aberystwyth, formerly belonging to Sir Thomas Tacon, of Eye, Suffolk, and commenced to do a large amount of alterations running into many thousands of pounds. Then, for some reason, it suddenly suspended its benevolent operations.

On looking into the affairs of this concern we find that it was run by a man named Alfred Arthur Holroyd. On its notepaper there is a picture of a very imposing building over the Oxford Circus Tube Station. That is Oxford Circus House. British Properties, Limited, had a small office there, but a picture of that would not look quite so impressive as a photograph of the whole building.

In the course of our investigations we have discovered that Mr. Holroyd did not confine his activities to British Properties, Limited, though there ought to be enough of them to occupy the time of the busiest of men. He was interested also in a company called Sitefinders, Limited, which also concerned itself in matters of property. This was another Oxford Circus House affair run by Holroyd, and also had a nominal capital of ten thousand pounds.

It has a depressing history. No returns were sent in to Somerset House in accordance with the regulations, and when finally they were called for the official letter from Somerset House was returned marked "gone away." It may be that Mr. Holroyd had gone to Aberystwyth. In any case Sitefinders, Limited, was unceremoniously "dissolved."

Holroyd, evidently most enterprising, was interested in yet a further concern, which also had the honour of being housed at Oxford Circus House. This was called the Omnium Trust Corporation, and had a wider scope than dealing with merely British property. It was connected with financial interests as far away as Arizona, and the people at the head of it had an ingenious scheme for buying British properties in the way of cinemas.

But they also stated that they had purchased English estates, where kinema pictures were to be taken, and the public was invited, through the medium of glowing advertisements, to subscribe for kinema bonds which were to be brought within the reach of even the most moderate purse by a special system of deferred-paid subscriptions at a shilling a week.

When the honest and simple-minded shareholders sent in their subscriptions they simply disappeared in the omnivorous jaws of the Omnium Trust. Angry shareholders who later wrote for their money, or for some sort of explanation as to what had happened to it, were no better treated than the dignified officials of Somerset House. Their letters, too, were returned marked "gone away."

And at the present time creditors in British Properties, Limited, run by the same man Holroyd, are wondering what has become of their money. There does not seem to be any prospect of a satisfactory answer. The matter is in the hands of the Official Receiver, who wrote to an enquiring creditor explaining that virtually no assets had been recovered, and that any payment of dividends to the creditors was very doubtful.

This is rather disconcerting, because the Pier and Pavilion are still there, and seem to be doing very well as a picture palace concern, though it appears to have passed out of the hands of British Properties, Limited.

We are sorry for those who have lost their money. But because there is no use crying after spilled milk that is no reason why they should not demand from the authorities some explanation as to why no enquiry has been made, say, into the disappearance of the Omnium Trust Corporation.

It is true that the investors in this concern were of the humble class which buys shares on the deferred-paid system at a shilling a week. But these are precisely the people most likely to be exploited by the unscrupulous, and are therefore most entitled to the protection of the authorities.

Thieves to Catch Thieves

A VERY shy sort of Sherlock Holmes is John Mawby Cole, of "The Poplars," Mayfield Park, Fishponds, Bristol. He is a private detective, very private indeed, and the most private thing about him is his past. He has reason, as the French say.

On the principle of "set a thief to catch a thief," he has undoubted qualifications for investigating the seamy side of human nature, but as a criminal career might not always be calculated to inspire confidence in prospective clients, he has lately preferred to be known to the public as "Dale's Private Detective Society," of Broad Street, Bristol.

If anyone should ask who was the head of this organisation, the plain name of "John Dale," the detective, would suffice to conceal any connection with John Mawby Cole, the criminal.

"Dale's Private Detective Society" advertised "Do you want a divorce, lost friends traced, are you being blackmailed?"

In addition to conducting enquiries into the delinquencies of husbands and wives, Dale's detectives did a little debt-collecting in their spare time.

It was in connection with these latter activities that our attention was first drawn to the concern. A reader who had paid a small debt twelve months previously, received a communication from Dale's demanding settlement. This was the manner of it:

"Now we have no wish to show you up in any way, and will not, if you will only pay our collector, or call at this office and make some arrangements to settle your account. Unless you do so, we shall send our uniformed collector with 'Debt Collector' on his hat and coat, and all the people in the street will know what he is calling for. This is our last resource for collecting overdue accounts, and we find it very effective."

This seemed such a close approach to blackmail that we set ourselves enquiring who was behind "Dale's Private Detective Society." The police also made enquiries, with the result that John Mawby Cole was disclosed, and last week he was condemned to pay two fines of £2 10s. each on two charges under the Registration of Business Names Act.

In November, 1917, at Nottingham, he was sentenced to fourteen months' hard labour on three charges of obtaining money by false pretences and fraudulent conversion, and in 1906, at Liverpool, he was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour for fraud.

One of his employees had also been charged with larceny.

Hence John Mawby Cole's shyness. "Can the matter be settled so that proceedings may not be taken, as I have a good connection here, and should have to close down and open elsewhere?" he asked the police.

We shall watch, and the police must watch, that he does not open elsewhere.

A Job for the Home Secretary

IF ever there was a case in which the Home Secretary might show mercy, surely it is that of Ivy Cusden, whose innocent baby, unless steps are quickly taken, will be born behind prison bars!

BORN in jail! Can there be any handicap in after life more cruel than the dreadful fact of being brought into the world by a convicted parent behind prison walls?

That will be the fate of the child of Miss Ivy Cusden, the twenty-year-old Reading girl who is now in prison, and who is expected to become a mother in the month of May next.

Our English law forbids a child under seven years of age being admitted to prison under any circumstances whatsoever. It rightly holds that such a child cannot form a judgment as to the difference between right and wrong, and must therefore not be exposed to the stigma of life behind prison bars. A wise and humane dispensation. Nobody ever dreams of challenging it.

But there is no provision that forbids the child acquiring the even more awful stigma of being born in jail. One can see the explanation, if not always the justification, for this. An expectant mother cannot be allowed to commit a crime with impunity because she is an expectant mother.

But circumstances alter cases. And the tragic fate of Ivy Cusden surely justifies an appeal to the Home Secretary on her own behalf, and on behalf of her coming child, for a measure of mercy that can do little harm to public policy, but may save a suffering woman from a double punishment, and avoid for an innocent child a stain that must accompany it all through life.

Ivy Cusden, in a moment of dreadful anguish, suffering under an intolerable sense of wrong, committed the crime for which she now lies in jail. She threw sulphuric acid in the face of her successful rival in love.

That for such a crime there must be some punishment is inevitable, and it is, perhaps, some consolation to the unhappy prisoner to know that the woman she attacked escaped danger to her life, or any permanent disablement apart from disfiguration.

The story is a tragic one. The only daughter of parents in a good position in Reading, she met a man called Wallace Jones, a motor salesman, whose garage was opposite her house. According to her account Jones fell in love with her and, under promise of marriage, seduced her. She declares that he is the father of her unborn child.

Jones saw her people and, according to their account, promised to make an honest woman of their daughter. They expected that the marriage would take place within a few weeks.

One day to their amazement they learned that Jones had married, by special licence, another woman whom he was courting at the same time. The blow for poor Ivy was a terrible one. In her despair, betrayed, deserted, her character disparaged, tormented by the thought that her unborn child would come into the world fatherless and disgraced, she completely lost control of herself.

Carrying some sulphuric acid which had been sent for by her brother, Leslie, who wanted it for his wireless battery, she sought out the woman who had taken her lover from her and, after asking if she had married Jones, knowing *her* story, threw the stuff at her rival. She was sentenced to eighteen months in the second division, the judge apparently taking into account the grievance from which she was suffering.

She was well defended, though her parents and two doctors were not allowed to give evidence as to her betrayal or state of mind at the time. But his Lordship contended that "She was far the best advocate herself when she said to the police, "I was worried to death. *I hope she is not much hurt!*"

It is true that the man Jones denies the condemned girl's story. But he admits that he walked out with her, gave her presents, interviewed her parents, and, when her condition was discovered, accompanied her to his own doctor—an action which the judge commented upon as a strange proceeding if he were not the author of her trouble.

If Mr. Jones is maligned in this respect he is unfortunate. Poor Ivy Cusden is still more unfortunate. At twenty years of age, with her life ruined, the expectant mother of an illegitimate child, she sobs herself nightly to sleep in a prison cell, with always before her the awful thought that her fatherless babe will come into the world branded from birth.

We appeal to the Home Secretary for mercy in this case, for the sake of the child as well as for the mother. We know that if Ivy Cusden's child is born in jail her punishment will be double. She was sorry for the victim of her assault. We do not doubt that the victim is sorry for her and her unborn, fatherless babe.

All we ask is that this sorrow, which the public shares, shall be translated into sympathy by the Home Secretary, and into action by reducing the sentence to a few months which will save this mother and child from a cruel torture that a whole life cannot expiate.

Poison in the Post

WE hope that with the advent of a new Ministry we may see a determined effort made to purify His Majesty's mails of the mass of poisonous corruption with which they are daily polluted.

They say that new brooms sweep clean. Well, there is plenty of work for the brand-new besom of Mr. Vernon Hartshorn, the Postmaster-General.

Our readers will recollect our exposure of the infamous "Spider Club," which existed for the dissemination of foreign filth through the post, and spread its disgusting web all over Europe. Our revelations were followed by several prosecutions of tradesmen in this country for trafficking in the indescribable obscenities spawned broadcast by the "Spider," and heavy punishment was inflicted.

For that much we are grateful, but it is not enough.

There are scores of similar organisations whose baneful activities should be checked at all costs. One of them is the "Epna Club," with headquarters in France. It is a horrible convocation of corruption, a parliament of moral perverts and devotees of depravity whose members exchange all manner of pornographic pictures and lewd photographs under the guise of "art studies."

The "Epna Club" circulates an amazing periodical called "Photo-Studia," which is described as devoted exclusively to the art of nude photography. It contains articles describing in the most lascivious language the physical attractions of the human form, male and female, embellished with appropriate illustrations. From a copy which has come into our possession we should imagine it would have enjoyed a huge circulation in Sodom and Gomorrah, and been highly prized by the lustful perverts of ancient Rome.

This publication, which is circulated through the post, is edited by a *woman*, Miss Marthe Rousset, at an address in France which, for obvious reasons we refrain from giving but which we are ready to reveal to the proper authorities.

France is not the only fount of filth which overflows into this country. Germany, Austria, and South America are prolific in the production of noisome nudities. Hawaii, too, has lately taken up the beastly traffic, with coloured degenerates as picture subjects.

We advise the Postmaster-General, too, to intercept correspondence addressed to Franz Fichtner, Vienna, who declares in his circulars that "the photos are sent to grown up persons only who may be trusted to keep them locked up safely." And this polluter of public morals has the audacity to add "Please remail to a friend if not interested. Thanks."

There has been too much of this traffic, and the time has come to put a stop to it. We cannot go on seeing the youth of Britain defiled in this revolting manner.

A Friend of Humanity?

A DEAR old friend of ours, Mr. W. Taverner, who for many years has been pilloried in these columns on account of his delightful habit of combining matters of high finance with Christianity, has lost none of his old audacity. One would have thought that continual heckling at meetings, now and again with a few eggs thrown in to help him to face the audience, should have made him seek pastures new.

Wily old birds fly as long as there is a wind to carry them. Often they fly just a little too far, and reach the earth with a bang.

But Mr. Taverner has not yet hurt himself very much in falling from the high circles of financial dexterity. For, strictly speaking, he has only fallen once with anything like a thud.

That is when he got a term of imprisonment for stealing poor people's money in a wretched friendly society set up with the ostensible object of helping people in their old age.

Mr. Taverner tries to forget this little scar on the knee. Perhaps that is why he does not care very much about broken eggs on the nose. And it is because he is such a true-hearted disciple of the Church that he regards JOHN BULL as a wicked journal.

Up and down the country, addressing meetings for the purpose of finding fresh mugs with money, talking about finance one minute and Jerusalem the next, Mr. Taverner dismisses JOHN BULL contemptuously when someone in the audience draws his attention to our repeated exposures of his shady methods.

Last week, in a meeting at Ilfracombe, he was very severely heckled by people who had read our criticisms of his Quarterly Dividends, and National House Purchase schemes. Mr. G. D. Barnes stated at the meeting that Taverner's schemes were "ungodly." We add to that remark—so is Mr. Taverner.

Taverner, pressed to the wall in argument, said he had no knowledge of "various editors exposing anything" about his schemes. "Lies were not an exposure," he said, and "he had seen lies in JOHN BULL of a disgusting and dastardly description."

What we have written about him in the past is substantiated by documentary evidence, and as we have so often said, he has long had his remedy in the Courts. Heavy damages can be obtained by a man against whom lies are printed in a journal with a circulation like that of JOHN BULL.

Mr. Taverner did not explain one thing. That he has pestered us, both by correspondence and with personal visits, begging that we would not attack him further and telling us that he was a Christian gentleman trying to help poor suffering souls.

To him, in conclusion, we say—*The Royal Courts of Justice are situated in the Strand.*

A Court Cameo

A Magdalene Mother

"DADDY—DADDY!" And again, from the tiny toddler: "Daddy—Daddy!"

Even the granite-faced (and, perhaps, granite-souled) police sergeant softened. And the usher looked positively frightened; talkative women and whispering men could be quieted by a stentorian "Order in court." But you can't call a baby to order.

On the Bench the stern-looking Cadi actually smiled. Not the smile that usually accompanies magisterial jokes. But a lighting-up of the face and a twinkle of the eye that gave a fleeting glimpse into the human heart of a man.

"Daddy—Daddy!"

The young fellow in the witness-box smiled wanly. A black-garbed Roman Catholic sister gulped visibly. . . . *Baby was in the dock!*

Dressed in a spotless white matinée coat and a delightful pink-edged stocking-cap, the tassel of which hung tantalisingly over the rail of the dock, Little Madam sat on the arm of her mother, Isabel Stockley. And mother was experiencing the proverbial hardness of the way of the transgressor.

There they sat—twenty-five-years-old mother; eighteen-months-old girlie. The white-garbed mite a perfect picture of verdant purity and innocence; the young wife—*a prostitute*. Vice nursed virtue in the dock. What a dread situation!

A burly policeman told how the girl-mother had accosted a man near the railway terminus. The old sordid invitation, age-old.

And at home, tucked away in its satin-lined cot, a golden-haired cherub cried itself to sleep . . . "Daddy—Daddy!"

For the husband in the witness-box the ordeal was too painful to be described. His young wife a prostitute—the mother of his darling a Magdalene? . . . "*I can't believe it!*" he choked.

But the police officer was inexorable—he had seen Isabel on previous occasions. And the husband discovered that these were the occasions when he spent a late night at his club. It was a black moment of disillusionment.

The pathos of the scene was excruciating. A tiny tot, whose only language was the cooing and chortling of the cradle, grasped the cold iron of punishment. A courtful of aching hearts breathed a prayer that the angel with the golden hair would be spared the knowledge of that shameful moment.

Then the magistrate spoke. For once no one envied him his position. The tragedy of the hour was heavy upon him. He recalled a reference to an ancient Magdalene—"let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

". . . but I don't want to spoil your life," he is saying. "You will be put under the care of the lady-missionary."

A pink-edged tassel bobbed its way to the door.

The Last Word in Blackmail

***ORGANISED** racecourse gangs, a danger alike to life and property, are carrying on their activities with amazing ease. Scotland Yard must act on the information we give in this extraordinary story and bring these desperadoes to book.*

ROBBERY under arms in England flourishes to-day in a way that challenges comparison with the lawless Wild West of America.

The public has a vague idea that such things as racecourse gangs exist. They have very little conception how formidable these gangs are, how daring, and how completely they have cut up the country into their respective spheres of operation. The Italian bandits of the mountains are merely picturesque children compared with the impudent ruffians who belong to either the "Park" gang in the North of England or to the "Sabini" gang in the south.

Behind half a dozen shooting affrays that have come before the public lately there looms the shadow of these pest gangs. In most of these cases there is a similar story to unfold. A man is attacked by half a dozen others, knocked over the head with a hammer, or slashed with a knife, or perhaps winged with a bullet, and robbed. When he recovers he usually pleads that he does not know who his assailants were. The fact is that he dare not tell. The reign of terror is complete.

Several members of the gangs are at present in jail, doing long sentences for crimes of violence. But their work is carried on by their lieutenants. The men in jail make it a point never to "split" upon their confederates, and invariably pretend that they acted as individuals.

Their families are provided for while they are in jail, for the gangs are never short of money. When they are, they simply go to a race-meeting and demand money from bookmakers. Behind the demand is the threat of the gun or hammer, the knife or the razor. It is usually effective. The bookmakers pay up, and hope that it may be somebody else's turn next.

Blackmail is another source of revenue to these rascals. They are always willing to undertake a job of the kind. They frequent the night clubs and the fast houses of the West End, and their leaders pose as men of means and sportsmen in Mayfair. Not long ago a gang of notorious racecourse pests raided the New Avenue Club in Ham Yard, near Piccadilly, and smashed it up, brandishing razors, life-preservers and knuckle-dusters, beating up the victims and setting the seal on the exploit by robbing the till.

There were thirty in the gang. Two men named Ford and West were arrested and sent to jail. Both had a long string of convictions, and both pleaded that they knew nothing of any gang. Why only two were arrested is a matter of surprise to everybody except the people who are accustomed to enjoy immunity.

An epidemic of crime broke loose some time ago when the two chief gangs in England began trespassing on each other's territory. After a good deal of blood-letting they agreed to draw a line across the country and respect each other's spheres, exactly as two great and legitimate commercial concerns modify in competition at a round-table conference of the directors.

Our Special Commissioner, in his enquiries into the night life of London, has frequently encountered leaders of the gangs openly discussing their plans in an Italian den in Soho for the forthcoming flat-racing season. The wife of one of the leaders, unhappily for himself in jail for shooting a man, is attending to his interests in the intervals of practising robbery on her own account.

Her special victims are half-drunken men whom she robs of their wallets in taxi-cabs, and threatens them with the gang if they protest. She has been to jail several times, and is well known to the police.

Every kind of rascality is familiar to these professional criminals, and it is clear that a concerted effort must be made to clear the racing world from the stain they put upon it. Incidentally other sharks ought to be roped in during the "drive" which is now long overdue.

Two crooks recently came out of jail, and got in touch with another man who had been in prison with them. He had money, or was at least in a position to get it. The proposition they put up to him was to take over a well-known Mayfair betting business which had got into difficulties. The capital required was to enable them to carry on, from an office in Glasgow, until they had established the confidence of their clients. They intended to advertise largely in all the well-known newspapers, and the big coup was to be made in Grand National week.

They were to stick to the money that came in, and pay nothing out, and to divide the plunder. Between them they hoped to get £30,000!

If Scotland Yard desire it we can give them the names and addresses of these two enterprising crooks, and the correspondence bearing on the proposal. We are also willing to give the authorities the information in our possession with regard to these dangerous racing gangs.

Bobbies and the Bookie

NOBODY can say that the sentence of twenty-one months' hard labour passed on Constable John Clarke of the W (Brixton) Division of the London Metropolitan Police was anything but well-deserved

This man abused his trust. Instead of looking for malefactors prowling about by night, he was himself prowling about, with a jemmy in his pocket, and stealing property which it was his duty to safeguard.

The wolf in sheep's clothing, the burglar in a police-uniform, broke his oath, disgraced his calling, and his story has left in the public mind a feeling of deep disquietude.

People who carry on businesses which it is the duty of the police to keep under surveillance, such as publicans, bookmakers, etc., complain frequently and bitterly of police methods, of over zeal, of traps deliberately laid, and conduct that is certainly unsporting. As a rule their complaints are unheeded. In some cases they certainly ought to be enquired into by the authorities.

Such a case is the complaint made by the Football Alliance, 21, Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C.2, a firm of bookmakers dealing largely with betting and football results. A few days ago this firm received a letter signed Harry Black, Sergeant-clerk, of the Dundee City Police, asking, on his own behalf and on that of a few of the staff, for coupons to be sent to a private address given in the letter.

It was asked that the matter should be treated in strict confidence, as any leaking out would mean instantaneous dismissal. The coupons were sent. A bet for three pounds was made, and lost. It has not been paid.

Of course—there may be some explanation. It may be that some wag got hold of some of the official notepaper of the Dundee City Police. But the letter was stamped by the official rubber stamp of the office. Could a rogue get hold of that? If so, there is something radically wrong in the Chief Constable's office. We ask, in the public interest, for an explanation.

Was the bet a police-trap, ordered by the authorities? If so, it was a scandalous proceeding and should be apologised for by the Chief Constable. Was it a fake? If so, will any enquiry be made of H. Gray, c/o Forbes, 74, Ward Road, Dundee, the address given in the letter, to which the coupons were sent and from which the unpaid bet was received?

The public, as well as the bookmaker, would like to know. If there is anybody who has access to police notepaper and official stamps, and uses them to make bets that are not paid for when they are lost, the situation is one that reflects seriously on the administration of the Dundee City Police.

If, on the other hand, police officers use these things for similar purposes, the situation is obviously much worse.

The police are supposed to keep an eye on the bookmakers, and, if they do wrong, to proceed against them. Bookmakers have a right to protest against being "stamped" on in this strange fashion.

Birth Control for All

by MARIE CARMICHAEL STOPES, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.L.S., etc.

THE arguments of the opponents of Birth Control are replied to in this powerful article. If we want the nation's babies to survive, the mothers must have a rest of at least a year or two between the births. The only way to do this without hardship and real harm, says Dr. Stopes, is to use wholesome constructive Birth Control.

"MUCH has been said in favour of Birth Control" True, yet still certain enemies are voluble against it, and put up what appears to be a plausible case to those who do not know more than they do.

All the arguments of the opponents have, of course been answered time after time, but they are incorrigible and repeat themselves. I suppose every reform suffers thus. Obstructionists, however, howl in vain, and are forgotten.

How many people to-day remember the squealings and ragings against the use of chloroform? Who knows the names of the clergy and doctors who once denounced it as an invention of the devil? Where, to-day, is either doctor or clergyman who would dare to say against the users of chloroform the things that were said against the great Sir James Simpson and other pioneers in that humane practice?

IT is curious that almost the same phrases are being used now against Scientific Birth Control. It is called "a menace to the nation," "a canker," "an invention of the devil," "immoral," and, indeed, almost every other thing that the obscurantists apply to every progressive idea. Our opponents work by misrepresentation.

I should like every one in England to have the tenets of our Society. They are short, and only seventeen in number, but they would take the space I want now to fill in other ways. But from No. 1, which urges that the hygiene of sex is as suitable a subject for study as the hygiene of nutrition, or any other human function, to No. 17, which shows that we hold no fixed opinions concerning the total numbers either of individual families or of populations, it is easy to prove that we do not say the things our enemies say we say.

THE phrase "*Constructive* Birth Control" was coined by me for the first great public meeting at the Queen's Hall in May, 1921. The idea that the scientific use of sound and wholesome methods of Birth Control was not only necessary for the welfare of individual over-prolific mothers, but was of a constructive social benefit *and a nation-saving policy*, was there presented with powerful backing.

The meeting originated as a celebration of the opening of the first British Birth Control Clinic, by Councillor H. V. Roe and myself. Why did we open a free clinic for the poor?

Because we thought that Birth Control, as it was practised up to the year 1921, had done enough harm!

Birth Control as practised until 1921 (and as still practised to a too great extent) had done harm in two principal ways. First, by the ignorant use of wrong and harmful methods learnt chiefly from gossip or the gutter. The users existed principally in the upper, middle, and the better artisan classes. For them clearly worded books were necessary, and as none existed I wrote them.

That is my answer to Dr. Halliday Sutherland's gibe asking why we circulate books on contraception among the wealthier classes. Books written by a scientist were needed because, until I wrote them, no decent treatise on the subject existed—even for medical students! And to this day there is no organised or recognised teaching of the subject in any medical school or University in this country.

Dr. Marie Stopes, President of the Society for Constructive Birth Control. Co-Founder of the First Birth Control Clinic in Great Britain, author of authoritative and much-discussed books on Birth Control.

THE second way in which Birth Control was doing harm to the community was because (even although it might be by bad methods) the thriftier, stronger, more intelligent and generally better people were using it to limit their families to very small numbers, while the careless, ignorant, over-burdened, diseased, and in other ways racially inferior people were being kept, by a most extraordinary social coercion, in ignorance of any method of Birth Control at all.

I have had thousands of letters from poor women and men, crying out bitterly that they knew *no* means of controlling their families, and many, when they asked their doctors or enquired at hospitals, were insulted and told nothing.

MANY poor women say that at the birth of their last child, doctor or nurse had told them they must never have another, but had told them with a shrug of the shoulders to go and find out for themselves how to escape becoming pregnant again!

From the point of view of the economics of the nation, it is racial madness to rifle the pockets of the thrifty and intelligent who are struggling to do their best for their own families of one or two, and squander that money on low-grade mental deficients, the spawn of drunkards, the puny families of women so feckless and deadened that they apathetically breed like rabbits.

That is the true meaning of "race suicide." And we ask why infants should be born to lives of misery, to cause misery to their parents, to drain the nation's resources without any prospect of ever really becoming first-class citizens. You can spend hundreds a year trying to educate a low-grade mental deficient, and he may never be able to learn even the multiplication table.

Our nation is spending at present on such wastrels, on prisons, "special schools," asylums etc., something like £100,000,000 a year, which comes out of the pockets of the thrifty citizens who, being thus burdened, are forced to limit their own potentially healthy children, and keep wastrels instead of breeding more of their own good kind.

NOW a word about the notorious Roman Catholic opponent of Birth Control, Dr. Halliday Sutherland, who says that Birth Control is "immoral," and "a menace to the nation" (see JOHN BULL, December 29, 1923). Is not that a very extraordinary statement to come from a man who, on oath in the witness-box, when pressed by my lawyer, himself detailed a method of Birth Control which he said he would not object to being universally known and published in a book? It truly rather cuts the ground under the feet of the opponents when they detail in the witness-box the Birth Control method of which they do approve.

The opposition is not based on principle at all, but on details of methods.

They concentrate on denunciations against scientific and wholesome Birth Control methods, and when driven into a corner they themselves advocate a Birth Control method which is thoroughly unreliable, most unnatural, and which is only effective in the case of undersexed persons!

The opponents approve their own pet method and then state that all scientific Birth Control methods "are harmful." This, of course, is just an ignorant lumping together of thirty or more different varieties of methods. In truth, various methods have as different results as if you were to put sugar or arsenic in a cup of tea.

This brings me to another point. Our opponents will confuse Birth Control and abortion. Abortion is a very grievous evil. Incidentally, it is also a criminal thing.

ALSO, psychologically it is an evil because the poor and ignorant women who are generally its victims have become pregnant against their wills, and often in their despair take absolutely poisonous drugs or use various improper instruments in order to bring about the destruction of the coming child. They often succeed in this effort, but almost always the mother suffers permanent injury.

If knowledge of scientific and wholesome methods of Birth Control are kept from them, women in ill-health fall pregnant and in their despair are driven to abortion.

Given the enormous possible fecundity of the human race, no amount of talk can alter the fact that it is infinitely better from every health point of view that women should be able to control their conceptions so as to have children only when they desire them.

Careful reports have been made by experts of the chances of life of infants born in families where they come "naturally" every year, and where they come to parents of the *same* social class where the births were deliberately spaced at intervals of two or more years. It was found that the chances of the infants surviving are nearly doubled when the mother spaces the births so that two years or more are between!

IF you want the nation's babies to survive, let the mothers have a rest between the births of at least a year or two. The only way to do this without hardship and real harm is to use wholesome Birth Control.

It is a degrading ignorance and false "virtue" which teaches that the sex union is a kind of "indulgence." It is nothing of the sort. Used with a proper moderation, sex union between a loving pair is in harmony with nature's physiological laws. The normal act of union between a married pair is the right of both, a benefit for both, and is in keeping with God's own plans for our human mode of life.

HUMAN sympathy truly teaches the necessity for Birth Control to those who have the eyes to see the physiological waste and danger suffered by mothers from too frequent pregnancy. This is so even when she may be a rich woman. All the insensate nonsense that is talked about poverty being the cause of a high birth rate and, therefore, Birth Control not being necessary, does not bear examination.

"Britons never, never shall be slaves" has been our proud boast for a long time. Are we content to permit our mothers to remain slaves?

Marie C. Stopes

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. J. RAMSAY MacDONALD, M.P.,
10, Downing Street.

DEAR PREMIER,—What I like about you, as a new broom, is your efforts at a clean sweep. Your clean sweep embraces obsolete methods, I see; and especially the dangerous policy of secret diplomacy. Truth cannot lose anything by being exposed to daylight; and so I welcome your invitation to M. Poincaré to discuss the affairs of the entente a little more openly and your decision to publish the letters that have passed between you. Secret diplomacy is the breeding-ground of misunderstanding and war: public opinion is the best antidote. Keep on as you have started. JOHN BULL.

To J. BROMLEY, Esq.,
Secretary, A.S.L.E.F., Hampstead.

SIR,—After involving the country in a disastrous railway strike, which has cost the nation millions of pounds, you have been forced to accept a settlement on terms which you could have had without a strike. I use the word "forced" advisedly in the knowledge that you know what I mean. Now you shout about "victory." But your deluded and misled members know different. They are estimating both the "victory" and you at their true worth. The day of such as you is nearly over. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Justice RIGBY SWIFT,
Law Courts, Strand.

MY LORD,—The poor prisoner, standing in the dock, is innocent until he has been proved guilty. In spite of that he usually feels that everyone is against him—police, jury, and even the judge. You have shown that this is not so by your appeal for an extension of the Poor Prisoners' Defence Act. As you say—there ought to be legal assistance for every prisoner who has a *prima facie* good defence to offer. It is another way of saying—in judicial language—what we say in our motto: for the people the right to Justice and Truth. JOHN BULL.

To LORD BEATTY,
The Admiralty.

MY LORD,—Your threat to resign if the Singapore folly is dropped leaves me cold. I have every respect for your ability, and I remember your services to your country. Your judgment on this matter, however, is bound to be one-sided. That is natural, and I find no fault with it. The choice appears to be an expenditure of £10,000,000 for no useful purposes, or the loss of your services. I fear that £10,000,000 is too high a price even for you. JOHN BULL.

To Sir ERNEST WILD, K.C.,
Recorder, Old Bailey.

SIR,—Every time you take your seat at the Old Bailey you illumine what might be soul-less proceedings by gleams of real human sympathy. The latest instance brought to my notice was when John Larrett was proved guilty of forging gratuity warrants to the tune of £4,000. Larrett had spent most of his share on his dying wife, and instead of sending him to jail for many months you bound him over as you refused to "take the responsibility of depriving this man's wife of his presence and assistance in what may be her last hours." Your humane jurisprudence adorns the profession that your heart adores.
JOHN BULL.

To AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, Esq., M.P.
House of Commons.

DEAR SIR,—At a recent meeting you stated that "no League can fulfil its purpose whilst the United States, Germany and Russia are excluded from it." Sapient words! But your Party had the opportunity of pressing for the inclusion of Russia and Germany, and I fail to recall any earnest efforts being made to that end. I suspect your conversion to sanity is largely due to the knowledge that your successors will succeed where you failed. It's nice to back a certainty, isn't it? JOHN BULL.

To Miss JEWSON, M.P.,
House of Commons.

DEAR MADAM,—Wishing to visit your constituency during the railway strike, you refused to travel by a "blackleg" train, and you decided to walk from London to Norwich. I have my own opinion about the sense of such a proceeding. I wish to point out to you, however, that by circumventing Mr. Bromley's aim—which was to prevent you getting to Norwich at all—you are yourself a "blackleg." JOHN BULL.

To GEORGE LANSBURY, Esq., M.P.,
House of Commons.

SIR,—Sweet reasonableness is not your strong point. We agree with you that something ought to be done for the ex-Service men in Poor Law Asylums. But your attack on the new Labour Minister of Pensions, because he could not do in three or four days what his predecessors could not do in three or four years, is most unfair as well as most unreasonable. If people like you are going to pull up the Labour tree to see how it is growing—good-bye to the rare and refreshing fruit your constituents expect to get. JOHN BULL.

To WILLIAM BRERETON, Esq., O.B.E.,
Office of Works.

SIR,—My "candid communication" is not addressed to you as a nonentity even if you are only a messenger. You are a real celebrity. For seventy years you have been a loyal and devoted servant of the State. At fourteen you enlisted, were in the siege of Cawnpore and Lucknow, and during the late war tried to enlist, although you were seventy-four years of age. The Government has specially decorated you with the medal of the O.B.E., and now, for the first time, I appreciate the use of that misused decoration. JOHN BULL.

To F. J. LAWSON, Esq., M.P.,
Financial Secretary to the War Office.

SIR,—For some years you have been trying, as we have, to get the case reopened of Lieut. Clendinning, the young Irish officer who was branded with the stigma of insanity by the authorities. It is now within your power to deal with the case. No doubt you will do it. The poor fellow has fought his battle courageously. For four years the door has been shut in his face. Start your period of office with a good deed, and let the public know why justice has been so long and persistently refused. JOHN BULL.

To SIGNOR MUSSOLINI,
Prime Minister of Italy.

SIR,—You really are a very anæmic imitator of Napoleon. That power-glutton took the sabre from its holder—you are content courageously to rattle it only. No doubt even this heroic gesture excites your impressionable fellow-countrymen, but it leaves us as cold as Argentine mutton. Your latest exploit was verbally to put our Prime Minister in his place, and then declaim, with suitable dramatics: "I swear by the memory of all our martyrs that when it is a question of Fatherland and Fascism we are always as ready to kill as to die." Monopolist! JOHN BULL.

To the PRESIDENT,
British Medical Association.

SIR,—Will you kindly bring to the notice of your Council the following facts? A man at Dalston drank a bottle of liniment; his daughter ran to a doctor who declined to act in the matter but referred her to the infirmary; after some delay she got her father into the German Hospital, where he died. At the inquest it was stated that if an emetic had been administered the man might have recovered. I rely on you to deal with the delinquent doctor. You might enquire also into the question of doctors who practise in the East End during the day, but live out of the district at night. JOHN BULL.

STRIKING THE WRONG NOTE!

Mr. TAXPAYER: "I no sooner get rid of one than those others appear!"

Without Fear or Favour

CHRIST OR MOSES?

Stained and Tainted

FOR many months past this journal has been advocating the humanising benefits that the Probation Act provides. Eminent jurists and magistrates have written in our columns, pointing out that the Probation Act was designed to prevent the contamination of the First Offender by coming into personal contact with the criminal in jail.

But while the Probation Act certainly does prevent the First Offender from being morally crippled by his first act of wrong-doing, the present state of judicial administration does not prevent in many cases his contamination by jail-birds.

For when a person is remanded for a week or so during his trial he is sent to one of H.M. prisons for the remand period, and there he meets the sin-scarred veterans of the cell.

What is needed is a system of "Remand Homes"—places of detention which are not jails, and where coarsened lags do not contaminate the First Offender who, at the end of the remand, often is discharged or placed on probation by the magistrate. A fortnight in Holloway has left its mark on many a discharged girl; as Brixton has on the discharged lad.

This detention in prison, while the police develop their case against the prisoner stultifies, even if it does not nullify, the humane purposes of the Probation Act. If these remands are made, the remanded person should be spared the taint of the jail.

Sane Lunatics

WHAT has been wanted in the Labour Party is less talk and more action. At its last conference it demanded a Royal Commission to enquire into lunacy law and administration. It is now in the position to fulfil its own demands.

Under certain sections of the Lunacy Act (1890), a person can be summarily sent to an asylum by a magistrate on the information of a policeman or relieving officer who can produce two medical certificates, and there is no necessity for the magistrate to see or examine the person. Nor is any opportunity afforded the person to defend himself.

In this way sane persons have been committed to lunatic asylums. The Board of Control admitted that in one year twenty-two persons were discharged who were "not insane on admission." These twenty-two were lucky. For there are no effectual means under the Lunacy Act by which a person, unjustly detained, may obtain his discharge if those who were responsible for his incarceration—or the Lunacy Authorities—are opposed to it.

Labour can now cure that which they have been content to curse.

Abolish the Death Penalty!

CAPITAL punishment is a relic of barbarism. As a penalty it is not an effective deterrent, as a principle of justice it is morally indefensible. The new Government have the chance of removing this stain from British law.

WHEN Parliament reassembles there will be such an opportunity for progressive social reform as rarely occurs in a nation's history. A new Party, fresh to the responsibilities of office and full of zeal, may be relied on to initiate legislation older parties have ignored through sheer inertia.

Several recent cases have again brought to the fore the question of capital punishment, and we earnestly invite the Government to give this matter their early consideration. A Bill to advocate its abolition would undoubtedly meet with widespread support.

During the past five years public opinion has been strongly influenced by the inconsistent, and often mysterious, decisions of Home Secretaries. There is no question that it is now in favour of the principle of capital punishment being reviewed and revised

The death penalty is a barbaric survival, resting on the theory that justice and vengeance have something in common. But the policy of atoning for one life by another has been abhorrent to all intelligent minds since Christ countermanded the Mosaic doctrine of "an eye for an eye."

CAPITAL punishment savours too much of vengeance to have any place in the British system of even-handed justice.

Could it be proved that the fear of the death sentence was a deterrent against murder there might be room for argument

The facts, however, are all the other way. People used to be hanged for stealing sixpence. Horse-stealing also was once punishable by death. Yet there was far less horse-stealing in the fifty years following the abolition of the death penalty than in the fifty years previous.

Since capital punishment was abolished in Australia, there has not only been no increase in murder, but a very noticeable decrease.

If, as the advocates of capital punishment aver, the death penalty is a real deterrent in this country, how do they explain the fact that the curve of murders has been steadily on the upgrade during the past twenty years?

The law has for long recognised that murder possesses degrees of crime. Juries are alive to this, and signify it by their frequent "recommendations to mercy." And, in many cases judge, jury, and Home Secretary play out a solemn farce in the knowledge that at the end the dread sentence of the law will calmly be set aside.

OBJECTION is sometimes raised to keeping murderers alive at the expense of the taxpayer. The argument is unsound, for the cost is comparatively negligible. Penal prisoners, in fact, have to work for their living; and there is no reason why such work should not be adequately remunerative,

It is conceivable that miscarriages of justice have occurred, and that innocent men have been hanged. Penal servitude for life, or for some other appropriate term, would allow of a case being reopened in the face of new evidence, and would provide an opportunity for an innocent man to be liberated.

We look to the Government to seize the opportunity ready to their hand to remove a barbarous practice from the functioning of British justice.

Kill the Cause

MANY of the greatest minds of the medical profession are grappling with the problem of the terrible scourge of tuberculosis, but while most of their efforts are directed to the discovery of a cure for the dread disease, we consider that some section should concentrate on the prevention of what is a preventable disease.

There are certain similarities between tuberculosis and cancer—they are both extremely difficult of cure; they are both productive of many fatalities. There is this essential and fundamental difference: the causes of cancer are not yet known.

Of tuberculosis, however, this cannot be said. Tuberculosis is primarily a disease of housing and environment. In that fact, therefore, can be discovered a possibility of reducing the dread effects of the great white scourge.

The Ministry of Health should prepare a scheme by which each individual local area should pay for every single case that came from its area. Those municipalities which have the worst slum areas would then find that they had to pay more for treatment of tubercular cases than those other districts which provide houses that are healthy and wholesome.

If the charges for the cure of tuberculosis are placed on the backs of those who, directly or indirectly, produce tuberculosis, it would be found that prevention was cheaper than cure.

Naughty Night Clubs

LIKE many other corporate bodies the police are sometimes reluctant to admit that a task is beyond their strength. That is apparently the case in the struggle to cope with the evil of the night clubs.

We have exposed case after case where the same people, after being fined, have simply changed the name of the offending club and resumed operations very often in the same premises.

Every now and again, when we expose a particularly flagrant example, a new crusade by Scotland Yard is announced, and the disquietude of the public is allayed.

What is wanted, as we have constantly pointed out, is an amendment of the system by which anybody can start a club by merely paying a nominal registration fee to the clerk of the nearest police court, and further powers of search by the police without a warrant.

We are not killjoys. We do not object to reasonable enjoyments in a brighter London. But that is a very different thing from acquiescing in the procedure which enables the professional promoters of bogus night clubs to defy the law and batten on the innocent and unwary.

Mr. Snowden and Tutankhamen

by A. G. GARDINER

THERE are those who think that a Capital Levy would yield treasures unheard of outside Tutankhamen's tomb. But our contributor in this reasoned article goes into the question from all angles. Although the Levy was a plank on the Premier's election platform, he no doubt sees its futility now.

Mr. Sidney Arnold, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, who, it is said, converted the Premier to the Capital Levy.

I HAVE received from readers of this journal so many anxious enquiries on the subject of the Capital Levy, that I think I shall be meeting a "felt want" if I say something about it, not as an expert, for I am not that, but simply as an ordinary student of public affairs. Let me say, first, that on both sides there seems much confused thinking and much confused purpose. Some extremists of the Labour Party think that the Capital Levy is a key that is going to unlock a sort of Tutankhamen tomb choked with riches that will make everybody prosperous and everybody equal in fortune. These extravagances create a contrary folly of panic among the possessing class, who think that the Capital Levy will reduce them to penury. Let us look at the realities.

THE first consideration is that the war has left us with a terrific problem to solve. We went into it with a national debt of 700 millions. We came out of it with a debt of nearly 8,000 millions. That debt is our conundrum. The interest charge of the debt represents not far short of a million a day. It is the first charge on the trade of the nation, levied by the income-tax and super-tax, which range from 25 per cent. to 50 per cent. of our net personal income.

Can the country carry this terrific burden of taxation—a burden unprecedented in any country at any period in a time of peace? That is the question out of which the Capital Levy idea emerges. Not for the first time. It emerged at the end of the Napoleonic wars, which left us with a debt of 800 millions that seemed then as unbearable as the 8,000 millions to-day.

The argument of the advocate of the Capital Levy is briefly this: (1) That the present burden of taxation is ruinous, that industry cannot carry it, and that our trade competition in world markets must be paralysed by so heavy an overhead charge on our productions: (2) That the remedy is to reduce taxation by cancelling a portion of the debt, bringing it within manageable limits.

THEY maintain that the nation as a business concern would be in a sounder position if debt and taxes were low than it is with debts and taxes high. Their proposal is that a sum of 3,000 millions should be written off the debt by a levy on personal possessions above £5,000, the levy being graduated from 5 per cent. on small estates of £6,000 to 60 per cent. on large estates of over a million. Thus a person owning £6,000 would pay a levy of £50, a person owning £50,000 would pay £12,800, a person owning a million would pay half a million.

It is calculated that setting the capital payment against the reduced income-tax, the small property owner, the average professional man and the average business man would not be worse off, but better off. It would be the great fortunes which would be hit.

In effect, the scheme is to apply the principle and method of the Death Duties to the property of the living, for the specific purpose of reducing the national liabilities incurred [illegible]ar.

The general observation I should make on the proposal is that it is not a question of principle which is involved, but a question of expediency. Both Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Asquith have stated that there is nothing more "confiscatory" in a tax on wealth than there is in a tax on income.

Between the two classes, those who live on the interest of accumulated wealth and those who live on their earnings, I think there is no doubt that the latter would gain at the expense of the former. The owner of capital would have less capital; the earning class would pay less tax. Personally, I should hold that it is more just to favour the man who lives by his work rather than the man who lives by his possessions.

BUT the vital question is whether as a measure of national finance the Capital Levy is practicable and expedient? Would it help to get us out of the mess we are in? Here I would say that the circumstances of the time are a profoundly important factor. There are many people—I am one of them—who believed that the Capital Levy applied in 1919, when price levels were high and the war fortunes had not been blown upon, would have been practicable and expedient. The moment was allowed to pass without action, and in the interval there has been an unprecedented slump in values and conditions have so entirely altered that the argument of 1919 has ceased to apply. The case has to be made out on a wholly different basis of facts.

Is it made out? My personal view is that the weight of evidence has gone against the proposal, but I am still open to conviction.

In the arguments against, I find much that is irrelevant. Some people fear that companies would have their reserves depleted, ignoring the fact that the levy would be on the individual and not on the corporation. The transfer of shares is not the destruction of capital. I find the extinction of 3,000 millions of debt spoken of as if it were the extinction of capital; but that leads to the fantastic conclusion that the more national debt there is the better it is for us—which is absurd. There is more, I think, in the objection that it would tend to check thrift.

There is a school that holds that this would be a good thing, that what we want is spending not saving; but I am old-fashioned and believe with Shakespeare that "thrift is blessing."

It seems to me that in its incidence the levy would be simply a variant of the income-tax, and that everything that the levy can now do with practical effect can be accomplished through the existing machinery of the income-tax and the Death Duties without the alarm which the Capital Levy, rightly or wrongly, would create. The reply of the advocates of the Capital Levy, of course, is that the problem of our unwieldy debt remains to be solved, that they have offered a solution and that it holds the field until it is displaced by a better. They not unnaturally remind us that there are other ways, more unpleasant, if not better. Inflation has wiped out the German debt and may yet wipe out the French debt.

IF the Prime Minister's followers press this new tax proposal, he should set up forthwith the most powerful Commission of bankers like Mr. Norman and Mr. McKenna, financial experts like Sir Josiah Stamp and Mr. Falk, economists like Professor Pigou and Mr. Keynes, great business men like Mr. W. L. Hichens, to hear the evidence and find a verdict. I think most of us would accept a verdict from such a committee.

The Modern

The people of Britain sympathise with any of their fellows suffering injustice.

Lord Shaw, of Dunfermline, the adjudicator in the last dockers' strike.

AFTER our experience of the fool strike on the railways, the British public are not in a mood to suffer another such exhibition gladly. The trouble in that case was settled, after a week's wanton wreckage of the community's interest and convenience, by a plain talk round a table. In the case of the disputes threatening industrial stoppage in the docks and mines, let us, in the name of common-sense, begin where that madness ended.

Everybody knows—the wrangling parties know—that ultimately it must come to that. Why then put off the inevitable solution till half our shipping trade has gone to Hamburg or our coal exports to blazes? Why defer the rule of reason till millions of pounds have been flung into irretrievable perdition, thousands of little homes wrecked, and the community practically worked up to a raging fury of civil war? Frank Rose, the Labour member for Aberdeen, says that "strikes and lock-outs in the 19th century cost Britain more than all the wars of the same period." Bernard Shaw says that he does not consider any nation sane which tolerates strikes, but "for a nation which is heavily in debt after a huge war to do so is wickedly dishonest."

Now here occurs one of the great chances of the Labour Government. Every Trade Union official in the Ministry knows that no strike since the war has benefited the Trade Union workers. They know that even successful strikes tend, as Professor Marshall wrote, "to diminish employment in other trades and thus to cause greater aggregate loss of wages to other trades than they gain for themselves, and to lower and not raise the average level of wages."

They know that arbitration is as desirable to the masses in industrial disputes as in international quarrels. And the Government's own chance of ensuring increased prosperity for the country and of securing an actual majority of the people's vote

Sunshine Tonic for Everyone

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

BANISH darkness and you banish disease. Let the sunlight stream into your life and a whole world of health and happiness is captured. How much of the physical disease and mental discontent in our country is due to the squalor of the slums where the sun is never seen?

SIR HERBERT BARKER, the manipulative surgeon, has gone to the West Indies to bathe his body in the rays of the sun. He believes that sunlight is the enemy of disease. At St. Thomas' Hospital, Dr. Murray Levick is curing by artificial sunlight many of the worst ills which afflict mankind.

Consider these two statements. Sir Herbert Barker says, "Disease, I firmly believe, has its stronghold in darkness: not the clean, healthy darkness of night, but the darkness of narrow streets, unlighted homes, underground rooms. Banish darkness and you banish disease."

Dr. Levick says, "Children come here run down, fretful, sleepless, and without appetite. In a month they are completely transformed by the sunlight treatment."

I wonder if these words will be read in a certain mining village on the side of a hill above the Rhondda Valley. Some years ago I was taken to a place from which one could see this monotonous line of depressing little houses clinging to the mountainside in the misty distance. My companion asked me if I noticed anything in particular about this village. I replied that it was very ugly and inhuman. "That village," he said, "is built at a point in the valley which is never visited by the sun from year's end to year's end. It is always in shadow. Sunlight never shines into its windows or enters any of its doorways."

I ASKED why such a place had been chosen as the site for human dwellings. He replied that the speculative builder who ran that village up in a few weeks could get his materials there at a cheaper cost to himself than he could have got them to the opposite side of the hills.

In any case the words I have quoted will surely be read in many a dark street where sunlight comes only at certain times of the day and then at such an angle as to leave most of the little houses in grey shadow. They will be read in courts and alleys which stand for ever in the gloom of overshadowing warehouses and factories. They will be read in slums where sunlight is as rare a visitor as fresh air or the scent of flowers, and where the children are often "fretful, sleepless, and without appetite."

"BANISH darkness and you banish disease." For such people as I have mentioned these words will have as much meaning as "Banish poverty and you banish want." How, they will ask us, do we propose to banish darkness? How do we propose to flood their streets with sunlight and fill their garrets and cellars with the true light of day? Rich people may set out for Madeira, or Monte Carlo, or the West Indies. Luckly people may be able to visit St. Thomas' Hospital and undergo a month's treatment of artificial sunlight. But they and their children, suffering from this pain and that—cancer, tuberculosis, rheumatoid arthritis, osteo-arthritis, and the rest—must remain in the unnatural darkness which is the stronghold of disease. Is this right? Is it just? Is it wise?

Darkness is the stronghold not only of disease, but also of depression, vehemence, and bitterness of spirit. If the body be better for sunlight, how much more the mind. If the body cannot bear up against "the darkness of narrow streets, unlighted homes, underground rooms," how unreasonable is it to expect the sensitive and delicate mind to suffer this same destructive darkness without grave injury. May it not be that the fierce and impatient bitterness which characterises a certain school of political thought and imperils the triumph of a sane Labour Government, is as much a disease of this same darkness as any cancerous growth of the body? The mind can be twisted and distorted out of Nature's way far more readily than the stubborn and almost automatic body.

Sir Herbert Barker, the famous London surgeon, who believes in the great healing powers of the Sun.

Why the State has not listened to physical science long ago, and long ago realised that the bodily and mental health of all its citizens is a matter of the first concernment for its own welfare, is hard to understand. Chiefly, perhaps, the State has been paralysed by the Englishman's own sturdy determination to manage his own affairs and to suffer no interference in his liberties. But at last we are beginning to perceive that the liberty to go to the devil in our own fashion is no cause either for gratitude or for pride, and also that the State is ourselves, and only through our consciences and by our intelligence functions at all. We are beginning to know that if we would act rationally in reforming the social system we must be guided by the teachings of science.

I LIKE to see a parable in the discovery of medical science that sunlight is the enemy of disease, and unnatural darkness its stronghold. Most people in these islands, rich and poor alike, dwell in the destructive darkness of ignorance. Their ills, physical, moral and spiritual, are the effects of ignorance. To dwell much longer in this darkness will destroy them. If they would escape destruction they must seek the sun of knowledge which is now streaming upon man's way with a prodigality that cannot be measured, but which is shut out from their minds by the foolish structures they erect to satisfy their pride or to protect their possessions. Truth alone can save them.

Margaret MacDonald did not wish her husband to become the Chairman of the Labour Party. She said that his mind would be crowded with the business of politics. She thought that the pettifogging details of administration would turn him from the greatest of his duties. That duty, which she so magnificently shared with him, was to form a public opinion, to create a civic conscience, which should of itself sweep away the cruelties and miseries of our harsh civilisation.

There is enough kindness, idealism and unselfishness in this country to right the wrongs from which democracy is suffering; but many do not know—their newspapers never tell them—how great that suffering is, nor how unbearable it has become in recent years.

THE darkness of ignorance hides us from one another, and the darkness of misrepresentation and suppression keeps us apart. But there are signs that the sun is beginning to pierce this disastrous darkness, and I believe that the Labour Government may presently find a great and powerful body of public opinion firmly behind it in everything to which it sets its hand which is wise, merciful and courageous.

Humanity is not contented with darkness. It is crying out for a brighter world. And what humanity demands it gets.

rn Dick Turpin

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

depend on their maintenance of industrial peace. The Minister of Labour has power under the Conciliation Act of 1896 to inquire into the circumstances of a difference between employers and workmen, whether positive or only "apprehended," and to bring the parties together under the presidency of a neutral chairman, or a conciliator. "If both parties consent, he has power under the Industrial Courts Act of 1919 to refer the matter for settlement to an Industrial Court consisting of independent persons representing employers and workmen," or "to a Board of Arbitration consisting of one or more persons nominated by the employers concerned, and an equal number of persons nominated by the workmen concerned, and an independent chairman nominated by the Minister."

Here is all the machinery required for the settlement of the disputes threatened in docks and mines. Let the Minister set it in motion, not after the trouble has started and angry passions have been roused, but *now* when the trade paralysis and national tragedy is merely "apprehended." It is true that the parties could not be legally bound to obey the arbitrators' decision. But whoever declined would have mighty short shrift with the general public.

The people of Britain are, in the main, the working classes. They instinctively sympathise with any section of their fellows who are suffering injustice. They are sympathetically conscious that the dockers and the miners are having a very bad time. They naturally want to know why.

If it can be publicly shown, through the Arbitration Court, that there is no practical way to systematise dock labour or to pay equal wages for precisely similar work in "good" and "bad" mines, the public will effectually signify their verdict that the sufferers must make the best of a bad job. But if the arbitrators decide that the men's grievances can and should be mended, no bluff or bunkum or jazz-band drum-thumping will be needed to enforce their judgment. What the public want is to know the truth.

When that has been ascertained and proclaimed, the people of Britain will have no use for bludgeon or garroting methods to convert the square deal into law.

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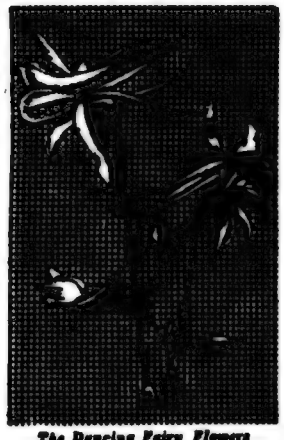

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SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

THE Labour people are in a most unfortunate position. Their criticism of other governments has practically suggested that they, and they only, can present the moon to anyone who cares to ask for it. But they are up against three stiff obstacles—(1) The ghastly muddle that Lloyd George bequeathed to his successors; (2) the irritation of the manual workers at not receiving the moon instantly; and (3) the localisers.

CHIEF among the last is the Right Hon. John Wheatley. But what, you will be asking, is a localiser? I will explain. A localiser is a man who thinks that a disease can be cured by treating it locally, in blissful ignorance of its original cause. Nearly all doctors are localisers; they lop tumours (which, of course, grow again) instead of stopping them by a scientific treatment of the primary disorder. Nearly all politicians are localisers; they imagine that home troubles can be cured without reference to foreign ailments.

Bailie John (as Mr. Wheatley is often called in Glasgow) is a truly trenchant localiser. He almost makes a philosophy of localisation. There is a Housing problem. How can it be solved? "What a silly question!" exclaims John. "Build a million houses of course!" But the curious thing is that the Housing problem is bound up with a thousand different problems. Undoubtedly there *is* a solution; but to find it Mr. Wheatley will have to do more than put one brick on top of another.

A bright, jovial, friendly fellow is the new Minister of Health, imbued with a keen sense of duty and burning with indignation at the wrongs suffered by the poor. Excitable to the pitch of hysteria, and bubbling over (or, should I say, prickling all over?) with class-consciousness. Very impulsive, very expressive, very irascible, very dogmatic—in a word, very Irish! Capable of intense brotherly love and equally intense brotherly hate. He adored Mr. Maxton so much that he was willing to suffer suspension with him last session—and, with the best will in the world, he would also have strangled the gentlemen who caused him to be suspended.

HIS real "kink," as I have said, is his steadfast refusal to remember there is a world outside Glasgow—or, at most, outside Great Britain. "I was one of eleven persons," he informed the House, "who lived for years in a single-roomed apartment in Lanarkshire." The memory of that single room has cramped his imagination as surely as the room itself cramped his body. In his mind's eye there is always that single room. He cannot see beyond it. To him it is the symbol of all the suffering and all the crime in the universe. And he is probably right. But the answer to it is not merely the erection of innumerable double-rooms.

The Rt. Hon. John Wheatley, the new Minister of Health, who hopes to solve the Housing problem.

He will never understand the root cause of the infliction, can never hope to emancipate humanity from the material single room, until he has emancipated himself from the mental single room. He can be depended upon to roll up his sleeves—but, which is much more to the point, will he don a thinking-cap?

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

A Duke in the Dock

by HARRISON OWEN

GLANCING to right and left, as though keeping a keen lookout for lurking anarchists, the Duke of Northumberland stepped into the dock and pleaded "Not guilty" to charges of using insulting language and making false verbal representations.

"IF I so desired," began Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "I could put in as exhibits 937 pamphlets and articles written by his Grace, 4,748 letters contributed by him to various newspapers, and phonograph records of 19,532 speeches he has delivered; but as each of the 19,000 odd speeches are substantially the same speech and the 5,000 odd letters and articles are as like one another as a similar number of blades of grass, I will not inflict them upon the jury.

"A fanatical feudalism, a dauntless diehardihood, and a blue-blood thirstiness which would be alarming in a less mild-looking gentleman have been the inspiration of all these products of his pen and tongue. The accused is one of the few peers who endeavours to maintain the ancient traditions of his caste by being ever ready to do battle with gorgons, dragons and other fabulous monsters. If he imagines he sees a Bolshevist gorgon or a Socialist dragon, he draws his trusty fountain-pen from its scabbard and writes a letter to the *Mourning Ghost* telling the monster that it is no gentleman.

"A few assorted insults and misrepresentations in which the noble Duke has recently indulged are to the effect that 'revolutionaries have placed Mr. MacDonald in power in order to undermine the institutions of this country'; that the Irish Separatists and the British Socialists are concerned in 'a great attack upon civilisation,' that Mr. MacDonald is 'under the control of a predominantly German revolutionary organisation' and that many members of the Labour Party, had they been citizens of any other nation, would have long ago 'expiated their crimes against the peace of their country in jail or on the scaffold.'

"PERSONALLY," concluded Mr. Watchdog, "I rather enjoy these ducal diatribes; but, unfortunately, there are people who take them seriously and this plays ducks and drakes, or perhaps I should say, dukes and drakes, with British credit. As the accused shows no signs of acquiring writer's cramp, it is necessary that some action be taken to stop his misguided activities."

The Duke, who was not represented by counsel, said that he gloried in his alleged offences. Others might be indifferent to the fact that this country was in the grip of a Bolshevist octopus, whose outspread wings darkened the air and whose footsteps were clearly visible in the speeches of the new Prime Minister, but he, at least, would fight the monster while there was a drop of ink in his throat or of saliva in his fountain-pen.

When the jury had partially recovered from its merriment the foreman murmured a verdict of "Guilty."

"MY amusement at the prisoner's speech," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "is only exceeded by my amazement at the evidence. Although in other respects a worthy citizen, it is obvious that, politically, the Duke has not emerged from the troglodyte stage of development. His utter inability to comprehend modern political thought or democratic aspirations might well cause one to think that he has lived his life underground in one of his ancestral coal-mines. I cannot prevent his blue blood freezing when he thinks of a Labour Government nor can I cure him of his habit of searching every night to make sure that an anarchist is not concealed under his bed, but, at least, I can prevent his communicating labourphobia to others, by directing that the muzzling order be applied to him for six months."

The Boy Who Haunts Me

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

INSIDE the grey walls of Portland little Borstal boys are being influenced by the changes which have taken place in the methods of administration. The story our investigator tells here is a moving one, a story of twisted lives and youthful lapses. What will become of those boys? Will they go forward to a future of reform, or do they crush out their own hopes as they break the stones of Portland?

PORTLAND'S penal cells touched my imagination as nothing else could.

The picture of the prison of stone perched on the pinnacle of the town of sombre grey, had moved me deeply as I approached. But I found, first, that instead of being in mournful isolation, there were private residences round about, and, secondly, that actually the prison outwardly was no different from any other public building in the neighbourhood.

Church, territorial barracks, a dancing hall, "palatial residences" (as the surveyors have it), were all made of the solid slabs of the stones from the surrounding quarries. Indeed, I found myself at the prison gates before I was aware of it.

* * *

"Portland" objects very much nowadays to the term prison. "This is Portland *Institution*," corrected the uniformed officer at the gates, but I pointed to an official notice on the wall which referred to the *Prison* Officers' Sports Club! And a tradesman just then left a parcel addressed to the "prison." Thus does the old name stick.

What else sticks? I soon found out. In the first place, the actual building is there—a cramped, confined structure that is about as suitable to the needs of Borstal as a heavyweight boxer in a Russian ballet! The cells are the same as those which held the old desperadoes, the Sinn Feiners and war prisoners, but they are now called rooms. A rose by any other name would smell as sweet!

* * *

What is changed at Portland is the atmosphere and the men in charge of the boys.

The governor is a jolly good-natured young man, who lives across the way with his wife and a precious first-born. He has, helping him, in place of the stern-set warders of old, youthful 'Varsity men, who have had experience at boys' clubs. I interviewed one at the headquarters—an ex-cell!—in his house, formerly a prison block. The boys were seated at lunch at tables outside. There being no accommodation—as at Rochester and Feltham—for meals in a common room, the boys had to sit on forms, seven at a table.

"The most shameful punishment in the old prison system," an old warder told me, "was the forbidding of speaking. It was positive torture."

* * *

But the noise these lads made at their meal made it almost impossible to hear myself speak! As the housemaster and I passed them to climb the narrow iron stairs in order to examine the rooms upstairs, the boys cheered.

"They think I am going to show you the rooms that won first prize for cleanliness," he explained.

I got the housemaster to open the doors of rooms here and there. In each case I found an interesting array of photographs, picture books and ornaments. Portland, by the way, wants suitable books very badly. Those I saw were ready for the dust-heap.

The type of boy at Portland is somewhat different from those either at Feltham or Rochester. While with the Governor I looked through the photograph albums of the boys. They made my heart sink. Collarless, caps well over the eye, soulless, expressionless, these boys, I felt, would take a lot of "brutalising." You may imagine with what a great relief it was that I found the originals very different. And, after a chat with them, one realised all the more that, properly handled, they still had the makings of creditable citizens.

* * *

Yet try to imagine a collection of boys, each with a totally different outlook upon life, each with varying temperament. One handsome chap in overalls, with his hair well oiled and parted in the middle, looked for all the world as though he were at a West End motor show room rather than at a Borstal workshop. With him at his job, which he was doing with dignified nonchalance, were a small boy and two taller boys.

"How are you?" I asked.

"Perfectly fed up!" he said in a grandly bored manner, and when I asked why, he replied tartly, "Why? For the same reason that everybody else is fed up. Three years! Why not a short imprisonment and have done with it?"

Talking to this cultured youth, you get to understand how absolutely dangerous it is to give uniform treatment at Borstal. How it may be possible to give individual and specialised treatment to these young delinquents we may come to in a later article, but this type of lad is worth pondering over.

* * *

I looked up his report, and I found that "a too fond mother" and an exaggerated notion of his own importance had led him to steal things. That lad had an abundance of spirit, and I liked him immensely, but at Portland they can only spend a limited time over young men who swank and are insolent. I said to him, for instance, "Do they treat you fairly?" and he was very emphatic in his reply.

"Fairly! I should like to see them treat me in any other way! I'd give them more than they bargained for." Which answer, did he but know it, spoke volumes.

I made many discoveries during my investigations at Portland which shall certainly help me in my conclusions. One I must speak of now. It was a case of a first offender. "Surely," I exclaimed immediately, "Portland is not the place for a first offender." "Admitted," was the reply, "and he was going to be sent away when we discovered one or two little things about him which suggested that a little stay here under discipline would do him good."

Furthermore, it was claimed that the lad had yielded to treatment and was going to be released shortly—over a year before the time.

I went straight down to the workshop and saw the boy. He had been given charge of a little machine room. Rather pale, but superior-looking, he told me his story quietly and unhesitatingly.

"My father is fairly well off, and I have a good home," he said. "After the war there was no work for me to do . . . I got mixed up with a bad crowd of fellows at Southend, and we broke into premises. The local magistrates sent me for trial at the Essex County Sessions, and I was sentenced to three years at Borstal. They sent me here . . ." He hesitated. "And?" I encouraged him. "Oh, I fooled about a lot at first—but I learnt my lesson, and I've got on well since."

His father was ready to take him into business. Portland claims that, exercising its discretion, it acted right in this unusual case of a first offender, by instilling a sense of discipline into a good lad who had run amok. Time can only show whether this sanguine view is correct.

* * *

And now to the penal cells. Portland holds the really rough element—boys who have been used to life at sea, in the army or at reformatories, and have broken their bounds. The surprising part to me, however, was that the lads who were confined to the penal cells were of the better class.

The really bad "lot" had too much sense or too much experience to court disaster in the separate cells. I should say that to the average delinquent the penal cell must be a nightmare, and I really cannot imagine how these lads—some pale and of small stature—are able to stand the incredible strain of the continual labour.

It is not so much the confinement to a different part of the prison; it is not the dismal-looking corridors that divide the cells; but it is the *unceasing labour* of breaking stones or pounding stones that amazed me.

"How is it done?" I asked the officer in charge.

"They get fit enough by the regular exercise," he said.

"And if they stop for rest?"

To the officer this question seemed a puzzler. The idea had never occurred to him before.

"Oh, they never stop," was all he said.

I gleaned, however, that a boy who breaks down is placed under care of a doctor.

Mr. Sydney Moseley, whose vivid articles are being read with absorbing interest.

* * *

There was a young lad in the penal cells who haunted me all the way back from Portland to London. With a small but heavy hammer he was breaking a flagstone. I was able to give him a few minutes respite by talking to him.

He seemed a quiet, inoffensive sort, and amazed me by admitting that he struck a boy over the head with a hammer because he was provoked by him. Almost breathless from his labours, he told me the whole story of his downfall, how one little theft was followed by another.

"But had you a home?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, I had," he replied. "I have the best mother in the world—the very best."

Everything else he wanted to pass over but that tender fact, that moving thought.

"I wrote to her the other day," he said. "I told her I was getting on . . . . . Of course, I didn't mention this," he added with a wan smile, looking at his hands, the skin here and there bruised and torn.

I comforted and encouraged the poor lad as much as I could, and I puzzled in vain over his case. Hitting a boy over the head with a hammer might very well have led to a more drastic proceeding even than breaking stones with blistered hands. Yet the boy was strangely out of place, and I picture him as I write, a forlorn, pitiful creature, bent almost double, hacking away at the slab of stone . .. unceasingly ... unceasingly. ....

* * *

That is the worst of sending a sentimentalist to look into so severely practical a matter as the conditions at Borstal. Of this, however, I am sure: The new men and the new conditions at Portland are a definite advance upon the old. Still, we must go further. Could not our scientists and psychologists devise a scheme as efficacious but less stonehearted than the penal punishment? I wonder.

Next Week: "Borstal 'Barmicides'"

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Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.

Faithful after Death

"ABOUT thirteen years ago my fiancé and myself, referring to the possibility of the death of either, both agreed it would be amounting to sacrilege for the remaining one to contemplate a second mating. My intended husband died three months before the wedding day.

"Through thirteen years of loneliness I have held fast to the principles which we then held to be the only true ones. During that time I have had two offers of marriage, but because of my convictions and faithfulness to the one who has gone I refused them both. However, time is slowly but surely changing my view of the matter and I am turning to the opinion that the one left should not make a wreck of life by the memory of the lost one.

"A month ago, at thirty-five years of age, I had another offer from a middle-aged man whom I very much respect, and whose wealth would give me a comfortable home, but I have postponed my answer to consider the question. I am still in doubt whether I should be doing an injustice to the dead if I accepted, and in a fortnight I am to give my reply. What must it be?"

"Humanist" says: *Once you agreed that a second marriage was wrong. Now you ask if a first marriage could be right. Of course it would. Repeat your question if and when the problem arises, whether a second marriage would be morally permissible. I hope you may never have to ask it.*

Threat from the Past

"TEN years ago, having achieved the position of chief salesman in a business concern in Durham, I fell into difficulties and took advantage of my post to borrow from my business dealings a sum which I was never able to repay.

"My prosecution was at the instigation of our general manager, a man who has of late proved himself to be no less unscrupulous than I was. To-day we both hold posts in the same district of the South, he being head of one firm, while I am chief in the only rival concern in his area.

"Both companies are in a very flourishing way, but there is great antagonism and bitterness in the struggle of each to capture the entire market, and both make efforts to discover information regarding the costs of production and innovations of the other.

"A short time ago my rival in trade came to me. He wishes me to sell to him details regarding our plant and costs, the secrecy of which is essential to our success. If I fail to comply he is to go to our body of directors and inform them that their trusted chief is a released gaol-bird who will possibly defalcate in the future.

"I am determined to play straight, but at times I feel myself wavering. Will you please advise me of a course which will mitigate the evils of my position? I have to give a definite answer in three weeks' time."

"Humanist" says: *Tell him that you will have nothing to do with him or his schemes, and add that if he threatens you further you will put the matter in the hands of the police. That is always the best way to deal with blackmailers.*

A Winning Widow

"ENGAGED for three years, I am anxious to get married. A few months ago I discovered that there was something more than friendship between my father and my fiancée's stepmother, who is a very attractive widow. Since then I have had proof that my suspicions are correct.

"My girl knows nothing about it, as she has been in a position away from home for some time. Now she is home, and wants to get married and live with the stepmother, as we arranged some time ago. What am I to do?

"If we get married, she is sure to find out and blame me for not telling her. And she will always have it on her mind that I may follow in my father's footsteps as regards morals. On the other hand, if I tell her, I am afraid she will break things off and perhaps leave the town altogether."

"Humanist" says: *Tell your fiancée. Girls about to be married cannot be kept in cotton-wool nowadays. She will realise that you are not your father's keeper, and will not blame you for his lapse. Also, she will see that it is impossible for you to live with her stepmother when married, and will try with you to find some other place.*

The Man from Utah

"AT thirty-two, despite an attractiveness freely admitted by my friends, I have had no proposal of marriage. Some time ago I met a Mormon missionary from Salt Lake City through a long holiday he is taking in England, and I have found him by no means the ogre one usually imagines one of his kind.

"On the contrary, he is considerate and gentlemanly; and his company, as far as I am concerned, is always desirable. He has asked me to return with him to his home, but his honesty has prevented him from uttering any word of marriage.

"I am tempted to fling scruples to the wind and to take the chance of happiness."

"Humanist" says: *A man who asks an unmarried girl to leave her native land and go with him to Utah, and is too gentlemanly to mention marriage, is too gentlemanly for me. I should call him by a short name. Let him alone.*

A Plain Duty

"MY younger brother, employed as a salesman by a well-known firm at one of its branches, has found out that the manager of that branch is robbing his employers by taking discounts off accounts which are paid in full to him and not allowing the customer any discount, this often to the extent of £2 on one account. He also furnishes accounts and sends these out in excess of the amount shown in the books.

"For instance, in one case the account as furnished for work done was £25, whereas the account as charged through the books was £12. My younger brother tells me he saw the cheque as sent in for £25 in settlement for this.

"Now my brother is worried about this matter, but cannot decide what to do and asked my advice. Should he inform the managing director, and how? For he has no black-and-white evidence, but feels he is in a way an accessory, and he fears also that he may lose his position if he says anything.

"Can you advise him, Humanist?"

"Humanist" says: *Your brother, as an honest man, must act honestly. He should tell his employers—otherwise he is an accessory after the fact. Black-and-white evidence does not matter. There is the evidence of the customers: they can tell what they paid, and the cheques could be traced.*

Sowing the Wind

"I HAVE a very dear friend, a young second-year University student, who is in something of a difficulty. His parents, though none too wealthy, give him a fairly liberal allowance. This he spends freely on women of a class with whom no man should have intercourse.

"His parents know nothing whatever of this, since they reside in the country and he is in rooms in the city. Now arises the difficulty. He has been keeping company with a decent girl who lives near his home in the country and she, too, is ignorant of his wild life in town, and he is in terror lest she find him out. He really loves her, but that streak in his nature is apparently incurable now—unless, as he threatens to do, he throws up his university career, his girl, and mal-associates, and emigrates.

"Now this may seem rather melodramatic to you, but, believe me, he is fearfully impulsive and besides shattering the fond hopes of his parents by this, or some equally headlong action, he will break his girl's heart."

"Humanist" says: *If a young man has vicious tendencies he will not conquer them by running away, and by breaking the heart of his parents and fiancée. Courage and resolution now will bring a tenfold reward in the future.*

The Woman Pays.

"My husband works for a woman who does not keep her employees unless they pay her attentions. Have I a right to interfere?"

It is rather your husband's problem. You do not suggest that he is unequal to it. Unless you think he is—leave it to him.

Polite Expulsion.

"I am asked to give up my room in a boarding-house—for no reason. Things have been stolen, but no suggestion is being made that I am guilty."

Leave the place. You cannot meet a charge that is not made, nor be comfortable in a house where you are so treated.

A Bully Lover.

"Sixteen years old, I met a boy in an Italian confectioner's. He is eighteen. After going out with him, I broke it off. He now threatens to kill himself unless I go on with him."

Tell your parents: they will safeguard you. You cannot, at your age, put your life in pawn to a youth who threatens violence.

The Despairing Cripple.

"A young man, crippled by an accident, I am supported by a poor working mother. I feel that I am entitled to commit suicide. Why not?"

I am very sorry for you, but try to remember that you are not to blame, and that if you lose courage you will add to your poor mother's sufferings. Think of her and you will do the best thing for yourself.

The Dead Past.

"I have just met a man, about to be engaged to a girl friend. I recognised him as a soldier I knew in South Africa and a bad character. He is now a choirmaster—apparently all right. What should I do?"

Nothing. Do you propose to rake up the past to ruin a man's present? If the man has since been straight, a good wife will help him.

A Wife's Folly.

"My brother's wife, without his knowledge, is backing horses, and lunching with her bookmaker, to whom she owes money. What should I do?"

Tell her she is acting wrongly and that she ought not to deceive her husband. If she continues—break off the acquaintance. The husband will want to know why. If he is not a fool he will find out.

Youth's Peril.

"My only son, nineteen, is staying out late at night and spending a lot of money he does not earn. He will not tell me where he gets it—but says he is 'clever at cards.' What should I do?"

Ask a male friend, of experience in the world, to speak to him. Don't set him against you by constant lecturing, but try to provide counter attractions.

A Girl in Business.

"During the war my fiancé was killed and left me a baby. I am now employed in a tea-shop and the manager, knowing my past, is constantly making overtures to me. Must I lose my livelihood to save my honour?"

No! There is plenty of work waiting for you in domestic service, if you cannot get another tea-shop job immediately. You are asking for trouble in remaining where you are.

The Stage Aspirant.

"My father wants me to be a dressmaker. I want to be an actress. He says he will not support me if I am disobedient."

Be slow to believe that your father is a fool, or you a genius. Ask him to compromise on local amateur theatricals: you may thus find out if you have the qualifications to act. If you have, your father may change his mind. If not, you should.

Words Winged to Women

Every Woman an M.P.

by MABEL HORNER

EVERY man agrees that there is one thing every woman does thoroughly well. She can talk. Sometimes man listens. Sometimes not.

But when, in Imperial Parliament, as one of the accredited representatives of this great nation, woman talks, men must listen whether they wish to or not.

Women must do more. They must sit up and take notice and determine their own share in the political battle it portends.

Susan Lawrence, the first woman M.P. to take the floor of the new House, spoke of children and education.

That is worth women's close notice. For Miss Lawrence dwelt upon that homely side of education that must touch every woman with a mother's heart—the cutting down of grants to local educational authorities, and the ruthless tearing-up of the Provision of Meals Act. These things mean a spiritual bombardment of the weakest.

A hungry child cannot learn. An ill-educated child is heavily handicapped right from the start in the battle of life.

Britain is still one of the richest countries in the world. Yet thousands of Britain's fairest flowers, the children that are a nation's hope, go underfed and hungry, so that they cannot be taught.

Britain, like other countries, has money for battleships, money for air-fleets, money for experiments in death-dealing machinery. Yet the Government grants to her elementary schools are being reduced to proportions that make education a mockery and the struggle of overworked teachers with over-crowded classes a farce.

Women, if they would unite on these great fundamentals of a child's life—food and education—could bring about improvement with the speed of a magician's wand.

In 1907, during a period of acute unemployment, Robert Blatchford prophesied:—"If women were enfranchised they would have every little child in England filled up with warm bread and milk and trotting off to school in sound boots within a month!"

That rosy view of woman's power has not been justified. More serious is the fact that the united concern of enfranchised women that it should be justified has not been made apparent.

Well, what can women DO?

A lot. The women now in their parliamentary seats did not reach there in one wild jump. They began on local committees, interested themselves in municipal matters, and generally took the job of public work that lay nearest.

Are the little children in your own vicinity fed? Are the Acts of Parliament conferring powers on your local authority operative or dead? Are your elementary schools forging ahead, or stagnating for lack of funds?

If dissatisfied with the result of such a local inquiry, what miracles of change could be brought about by even one small group of earnest-minded women!

In one large city in the north of England all the hungry children throughout two bitter winters were adequately fed through the untiring efforts of one quiet man. He gathered statistics. He got on the Watch Committee, on the Education Committee. He gathered funds and daily fed many children in his own home. He shamed the Acts into lively being. He was a child lover.

This is a rich country. Could it not banish all the physical and mental starvation of its little children if women set about the business and worked as one?

Grown-Up Oliver Twists!

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us: "I was interested in your little article last week on 'What's Your Trouble?' in which you tell of the eagerness of 'J.B.' to help its readers. But surely all readers already know that this service is at their disposal, and that you are ever ready to give advice."

That's just the point. Do they know? We add so many new readers with every issue that we cannot be too sure on this point. And we want to make quite sure!

We want to let *every* reader know that he or she can have expert advice on any problem merely for the asking! The JOHN BULL Advice Service is waiting and eager to help YOU!

And it's quite free. A letter to us, clearly setting forth your problem, and enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, will bring a reply that may instantly dispel your worry and clear the corrugations from your forehead.

No matter what your problem is—write to JOHN BULL about it! It's all the same whether it is connected with the buying of a business or the selling of shares; whether it has to do with the baby's food or father's insurance; whether it is mother's accident or sister's love affair.

We have a staff of experts ready to help on all subjects—Ex-servicemen's problems, Pensions, Finance, the Home, etc., etc. Remember, it's better to be safe than sorry! Our columns, with their weekly exposures of mean frauds, clearly show that. If you are in doubt—write us for advice.

If you saw the thousands of letters that pour into our office thanking us for our work on readers' behalf, you would marvel that a paper could carry out such well-doing. But we want to do more! Every man in the JOHN BULL office is an Oliver Twist in this respect!

Look on us as something even more than Britain's greatest weekly paper. Let us be your *friend* in sorrow as well as sunshine.

That problem of yours? Write to JOHN BULL about it!

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

Mac found, no doubt, when serving out
The Labour loaves and fishes,
That quite a lot were pretty hot
At pushing out their dishes.

The famous "Red" at last is dead—
Which rumourists deplore,
For now, alas! they can't assass—
inate him any more!

With rising bills and other ills,
Too numerous to mention,
Our friend, the "Flu," begins anew
To pay us close attention.

For those who tread the boards, 'tis said
Few sadder things there are
Than when you find you're left behind
—Another "fallen star."

"The Scout" Knows!

Read h's Words of Warning for 1924:

"I can at least warn you that a fair price from a man who pays is better than 2,000 to 1 from firms whose telegraphic address should be 'Indemnity, Berlin.'"

Daily Express.

Remember

DUGGIE

paid £150,000 over Rose Prince and Verdict. Other transactions pale into insignificance when compared with those of "the double event king."—*Vide Press.*

Lincoln & National

Unlimited Double Events.

No Way Barred.

⅓ ODDS for PLACES

Don't Delay, Post to-day.

DOUGLAS STUART

5, Drury Street GLASGOW.

Daily S.P. Business A SPECIALITY

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES"

Vide Press.

The Truth About Epinard

The French Wonder Horse Will Run if he is Fighting Fit

RUMOUR has been busy with Epinard's future; one story has followed another in quick succession, none agreeing on essential particulars. Well, I have just had the privilege of visiting the horse in his winter quarters, talking with his connections, and discussing with them frankly the plans for the horse's future as far as they can be known at the present.

First of all let me say that Epinard is wintering even better than was expected, and already there are unmistakable signs that the animal we called a horse and a half last season will be more like two horses this season

World's Wonder Horse.

As a three-year-old Epinard was not exactly a picture, and there were little points about him that caused some folk to rate him poor class, in spite of his wonderful achievements. All that is gone, and as a four-year-old Epinard now looks the world's wonder horse in all essential respects.

When racing fit he will look much better still, and I can promise British racegoers the sight of their lives when they see this great horse stripped for business.

A Real Stayer.

He has developed on weight-carrying lines, and the connections have not the slightest fear that the ten-stone burden in the Lincoln would stop him. He is better for speed than he was, and if anything looks much freer and resolute in action. And above all he has satisfied his connections that he is a stayer, who must be seriously considered even for the two and a half miles of the Ascot Gold Cup should it be decided to train him.

The Lincoln.

As to the Lincoln, the position is this. The owner wants to run him and will run him if possible, but it is his settled policy that the horse must not go to the post unless he is able to do justice to himself and those who back him. Epinard's presence at Lincoln therefore depends on the ability of the trainer to have him fit, and that in turn depends on weather conditions over which neither trainer nor owner have any control.

I can state with absolute certainty, however, that all that training skill can do to have the horse fit will be done, but with conditions as I found them in France Gene Leigh is not over confident that he will be able to deliver the horse fit and well on the day.

Will It Be Fit?

In fact to those who press him for a definite opinion he replies that so far as he can judge at the moment the odds are against the horse being fit by Lincoln day. However he agrees that there is the possibility of a change in the weather to make the apparently impossible possible, and he told me emphatically that no one must take it for granted that the horse is a non-starter for the Lincoln. I know as a matter of fact that some connections of the stable have already backed the horse, and all their interest lies in having him fit by Lincoln Day.

After the Prizes.

But whether the horse runs at Lincoln or not he is going after some of the big prizes on the English turf this year, and the emphatic view of the connections is that the horse has all the weight for age races at his mercy, for they estimate that he will make at least seven pounds more than the normal improvement from three to four year old, and as they reckoned him fourteen pounds above the best English Classic form last year, they are confident that next year he will be at least 21 pounds above our best four-year-olds.

The American Trip.

And with regard to the American trip, I can say with emphasis that this is not settled definitely. It depends on what racing and betting opportunities come the way of Epinard and his connections in England. They are not enamoured of the kinema stunt in America and would prefer to exploit their horse on this side of the Atlantic. Though they have a pretty shrewd idea of the capacity of their horse, they are anxious to test it thoroughly in public, and for that purpose he was deliberately entered for races over a graduated scale of distances ranging from the Lincoln mile to the Ascot two and a half miles. If possible they will adhere to that try-out plan.

SUCCESSFUL CODE SELECTIONS

My code selections for the month of January, backed each way, show

A PROFIT OF 8 POINTS

THIS WEEK'S RACING.

The meetings at Chelmsford and Ludlow this week are chiefly of local interest, and are not likely to attract very large fields.

Ludlow is one of Harrison's happy hunting-grounds, and I advise you to follow his stable. If Poole sends any horses to Chelmsford they are sure to be fancied.

Two-day meetings take place at Lingfield and Manchester, commencing on Friday, and here the sport is sure to be top-hole. I have picked out a few likely winners, but I may make revisions when sending out my coded selections.

LUDLOW.
The Heir. Santavon.
CHELMSFORD.
Sundrop. Greenogue.
LINGFIELD.
Beyrob. Le Cellier.
MANCHESTER.
Hong Kong. Southend.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life, Newcastle Journal, Sheffield Early Bird, Leeds Mercury, Glasgow Noon Record, Glasgow Daily Record, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Sporting Pink, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Liverpool E. Express, Liverpool Sports Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Newcastle Chronicle and Mail, South Wales Daily News, Bristol Times and Mirror, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Yorkshire Daily Post, Irish Independent, and *Irish News.*

00 U G L 7 B I P A

2 3 F X C T K Z M

Q R O S E H 5 8

J D Y N W V LL MM

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below, as the case may be.

T M 5 K S Y R W would read BALLINODE

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from February 6 to February 12 inclusive.

PADDOCK PARS.

Why did Coulthwaite refuse to allow Frank Wootton to ride Turkey Buzzard over fences?

* * *

Wootton has not ridden over the bigger obstacles for several years.

* * *

French horses which take part in the Lincoln should be fit. They are galloped over stretches of dead leaves on going which is perfect.

* * *

This method of training assisted Ob to win the races of 1906 and 1907.

* * *

It is not necessarily the best horse which wins the Grand National. Back those you know can stand up.

* * *

Donoghue is having a lean time in India. He rode one winner in his first month over there.

JUMPERS TO FOLLOW.

Clonree.—Spittle's gelding was very unlucky in the race won by Habton at Kempton. He came again, after appearing to be beaten, and was brought down by Arravale at the last fence. Clonree is a certain winner soon.

Superman.—Was well fancied for the Nottinghamshire Handicap Chase but was brought down at the open ditch the second time round. Ignore this event. Superman is a good one.

Ceinturon.—Coulthwaite's charge will win a race of two and a half miles shortly. He made his first appearance over the sticks at Nottingham last week and, although he was unplaced, he ran well.

Head Master.—I called attention to this fellow last week and he justified my remarks by winning at 6 to 1. He won very easily from Lovely Bird and I suggest that you keep on following him.

Ulster Division.—Did not let Redhill have matters all her own way at Kempton. Coulthwaite's horse was beaten a length and a good-class field was in the rear.

Jackdale.—Will be popping up at a nice price soon. Last week ran third to a good one in Mitchells.

Snapper.—Obtained a long lead in the early stages of the Mansfield Hurdle and seemed a certain winner. Stamina told and he was pegged back into second place by Auchinrossie. Snapper is one to watch.

Hong Kong.—I should give Martin's horse another chance. He gave Duller a nasty toss at Kempton by jumping "big" at the first hurdle. He was "expected" by his connections.

Wise Girsha.—This Irish mare very nearly effected a surprise at Gatwick when she ran second to Jaeden with a large field in the rear. She won a race at Proudstown last October, and is quite capable of earning her corn over here. Back her each way next time out.

Adalew.—Since winning at the last Lingfield meeting, Adalew has missed several engagements, which have appeared to be at her mercy. She is entered at Lingfield this week, and should not be missed.

Maingaff.—Showed wonderful improvement when winning at Gatwick from Rosemary and Agincourt. Redmer, Imperial, Tibet and some good novices were in the rear. Go on backing Maingaff.

Snae Fell.—This one of Poole's will be winning soon. He ran third to Head Master last time out, and had a fair chance until he blundered close home. In his previous race he was winning until he was brought down through no fault of his own.

"SILVER RING."

Football Clubs in Danger

Desperate Plight of Chelsea and Middlesbrough

THE next few weeks of professional Soccer will be anxious ones for many of the clubs. This is the period of the season when a dropped point at home or a capture of one away means all the difference to those striving for the championships of Division I, and even more to those who are fearing relegation. I propose here to deal with the clubs concerned.

Division I Champions.

As I write, Cardiff City in the First Division of the League have the comfortable lead of four points over Bolton Wanderers, five over Sunderland and six over Huddersfield. As they had played two fewer matches than Bolton this advantage over the Lancashire team can safely be put at six points, and even if Huddersfield have played one game fewer, the Yorkshire men have the leeway of four points to make up, even if they win the outstanding fixture.

The championship may yet depend on the Cup progress of the clubs concerned, since ambition in one direction is sometimes sacrificed to that in another, but before Cardiff can be hailed as potential champions, their remaining fixtures have to be remembered.

Very shortly they have to play the Spurs twice and Huddersfield twice, and it is no certainty that the Welsh club will capture four of the points at stake.

Later on they have Everton as opponents in home and away matches, another stiff obstacle, but as their last six games are against Burnley, Birmingham and Middlesbrough, it is reasonable to assume that even if Cardiff lose the leadership they will regain it, providing, as I have indicated, they have still the Cup to think about.

Albion Look Safe.

I think from West Bromwich Albion upwards there is no real fear of relegation. The Albion themselves are not a good team, but others are worse. Further, they have yet to meet three teams already below them—Preston North End, Chelsea and Middlesbrough.

For relegation, therefore, it should be two of the following six—Arsenal, Notts Forest, Preston North End, Chelsea, Birmingham and Middlesbrough.

The Arsenal are used to this late-season struggle to keep in the senior division, and they generally manage to pull out one performance that saves them. At the same time I have no doubt but that the Arsenal management have not perused the remaining fixtures with any equanimity.

The Arsenal have yet to meet Sheffield United, Aston Villa, Liverpool, Notts Forest, Burnley, Sunderland, Everton and Preston. Of the sixteen points at stake they may not get more than six, which may be enough, but it all depends on what they do to the Forest and North End.

Forest and Birmingham.

I shall also expect Birmingham to escape. Among the eight clubs they have yet to play there are Middlesbrough, Preston and Chelsea, matches which should yield them at least six points, while they may get one more each from Burnley, Newcastle and Manchester City.

Notts Forest at the moment have earned 21 points. They should get one more from Manchester City, two each from the Arsenal and Preston, and one from Blackburn. This would leave their total at 27, which may be just enough, but not many too much.

The Last Three.

This reduces the clubs booked for relegation to Chelsea, Preston and Middlesbrough. Chelsea may have been showing a little improvement since Andy Wilson joined them, but they are now two points behind the Forest; Birmingham and the Arsenal have played either one or two matches more than either and have some stiff fixtures in front of them.

Preston have some remaining games with other Lancashire clubs, and this is not to their disadvantage. There is a touch of sympathy in professional football as elsewhere, although you would not sometimes believe it.

What is more, they are a better side now than they were for a long time, and while at the moment a point behind Chelsea, they have two matches in hand.

I have seen some surprising results in the latter part of the season, but if these are missing I shall expect Cardiff to win the championship and Chelsea and Middlesbrough to descend to the second division.

Four out of Five.

We do not wish to weary readers by too often calling their attention to the highly successful results of our forecasts, but of the five draws tipped in the First Division on January 26, no fewer than four were correct.

In all English League games 26 successful results were given, including two away winners and eight draws.

Surely Not.

It has been generally assumed that before next season there would be a return to the Fletcher system of arranging League fixtures, but I ran across a man the other day who is at least as closely identified as myself with the inner moves of football, and he assured me that the existing method would be repeated.

I can, however, hardly believe this. The alleged genius who discovered that the best thing for League matches would be home and away matches on following Saturdays has been called everything that the public, the Press and the players themselves can think of.

Scotland's Pride.

The best Scottish left-back since Jimmy Sharp can truthfully be said of another Jimmy—Blair, the Cardiff skipper.

More than any other player has Blair been responsible for the rapid rise of his club, from comparative obscurity to the League leadership, and he has been worth many times over the £3,000 paid for him.

Blair's previous price was half this sum. It was paid for him by The Wednesday to Clyde, but like many other stars who have gone to Sheffield, Jimmy could not settle down there.

Famous when but fifteen years of age, this great back has been in the front rank of professionalism since he played for the Scottish League in 1912. International caps followed, and every honour Blair has gained has been deserved.

Blair has not a big physique to help him. He stands but 5 ft. 9 in. and does not weigh twelve stone. But he is infallible in taking up position, is a fine tackler, and has a surer left foot than any other modern back.

Blair was born at a little place called Glenboig and graduated in junior football in Glasgow.

This Week's Games.

This week-end there will be a return to the League. In Division I there will not be many away winners. In fact, Bolton Wanderers are the only visitors I fancy, and it is not long odds on them winning at Liverpool.

Chelsea will have to beat Notts County if they do not want to slip further behind, while Aston Villa, Burnley, Cardiff, Sheffield United and West Ham are other likely home winners, although I should not advise the inclusion of West Ham in any coup of home teams. The other games will probably be drawn.

In Division II away winners may be Southampton and Stoke, at Bradford and Stockport respectively. Derby County are in the running for promotion and they will do themselves a bit of real good if they can get a point at Bury.

I cannot separate Leicester City and The Wednesday, but in the remaining games the home teams should win.

In Scotland some of the League teams will be busy in the Cup, so the programme there is upset.

Some Coups.

A Mansfield reader asks me to suggest a few coups and I am pleased to do so with the following:

Seven Home Winners.

Leeds U., Oldham, Brighton, Portsmouth, Reading, Wolves, Wigan.

Three Home, Two Away.

Portsmouth, Wolves, Wigan, Bolton W., Stoke.

Three Draws.

Preston v. Everton, Newcastle v. Huddersfield, Millwall v. Swansea.

Two Away, One Draw.

Stoke, Southampton, Notts Forest v. Manchester City.

FORECASTS FOR FEB. 16.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. I.

(Home Winners.

*Birmingham, *Bolton W., *Everton, *Huddersfield, *Manchester C., *Sunderland.

Away Winners.

*Aston V.

Draws.

*Blackburn R. v. Sheffield U., *Notts C. v. Newcastle, *Spurs v. Cardiff, W. Bromwich A. v. Preston N.E.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. II.

Home Winners.

*Blackpool, *Crystal Palace, Derby County, Fulham, Wednesday, *Southampton, *Stoke.

Away Winner.

*Bury.

Draws.

*Bristol C. v. Leeds, *Coventry v. Leicester, Hull v. S. Shields

THE LEAGUE—DIV. III. (Northern).

Home Winners.

*Bradford, *Chesterfield, Crewe, Darlington, Doncaster, Lincoln, Rotherham, *Southport, *Wrexham, *Wigan.

Draw.

*Rochdale v. Wolves.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. III. (Southern).

Home Winners.

Charlton, *Gillingham, *Plymouth, *Queen's Park R., *Swansea, *Swindon, Watford.

Away Winners.

Brighton, *Portsmouth.

Draws.

*Merthyr v. Bristol R., *Millwall v. Northampton.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Home Winners.

*Celtic, *Hibernians, *Raith R., *Rangers, *Third Lanark.

Away Winners.

*Airdrieonians, Dundee.

Draws.

*Ayr v. Partick T., *Hamilton v. Hearts, St. Mirren v. Kilmarnock.

(For coupon purposes, nap selections are marked with an asterisk.)

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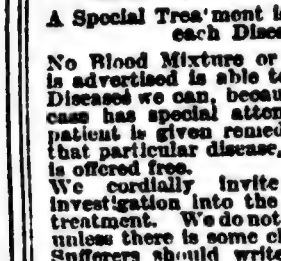

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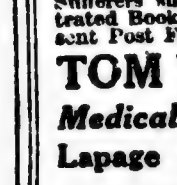

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We Cure ECZEMA, LUPUS, SYCOSIS (and all Diseases of the Hair and Beard), RINGWORM, ACNE, ITCH, PSORIASIS, SCROFULA, BAD LEGS, ULCERS (Varicose and Rodent), and ALL ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN.

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Our Letter Parliament

Are Shop Girls Soiled?

Our Readers Air their Views on this and Other Subjects

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Wage Slaves.

Your contributor has put his finger on a vast social scandal—the lot of the shop girl, who is described as "shop soiled." What he says, both about her work and her wage, is true in every detail. Here is where revolt is bred, for these girls are the future mothers of our country, and as they are treated by their country so will be their attitude towards it. Cannot something be done for those wage slaves?—*Emma Rait, Bristol.*

Suffering Womanhood.

I am glad to see you turning your attention to the unhappy lot of the shop girl, and "Duster" is correct in saying that this is one of the reasons why the suburbs are supporting Labour—in the hope that suffering womanhood will get a square deal from the new men. Their wages are terrible, and the work they have to do for them is unbelievable. The wages he mentions look quite *large* to me. I have worked for much smaller.—*Ida B., London.*

A Barren Future.

It is not only the shop girls who are suffering in the way you describe. Almost all classes of female labour are being exploited in the same way, and the present number of "surplus" women favours the employer side of the question. He has a large market to pick and choose from. And as many of these girls cannot look forward to the haven of matrimony what is their future? Terrible, indeed! Thank you for raising your voice on our behalf.—*One, Glasgow.*

The Golden Egg.

Your article unfortunately can only give readers very brief details of the terrible conditions under which thousands of our young girls work, and, further, where may we look for "someone to awaken us to a true knowledge"? The big concerns who employ these girls spend thousands with the newspapers for advertisements, and it is unlikely that the newspapers would attempt to "kill the Goose that lays the Golden Egg," by using their columns for adverse criticism of their customers' methods, and so losing the money derived from their advertisements.—"*Buscon*," *W. Hampstead.*

Mother and Daughter.

I quite agree with "Eve" that the young woman of to-day is better prepared for her fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil than her mother was at the same age. But, does "Eve" realise how much the modern girl owes to her mother, who, during the war, and because of the war, learned many things which otherwise she would never have known, and passed on the knowledge by degrees to her now almost grown-up daughter, thus giving her "a far better grip of things than her mother had at the same age"?—*Mother, Rossington.*

A Plea for Lovers.

I think it is very unfortunate that we are losing touch with St. Valentine's day. Time was when lovers sent artistically-designed missives to each other, and couched their wishes in the choicest language. In order to encourage poets and artists it would be well to revive that custom, but not to include some of those ruder ideas once carried out at this season. Neither should we have those caricatures which were an eyesore in shop windows, and were generally sent to cause annoyance. Just let us restore the artistic and beautiful in the interests of lovers.—*W. G., Scarborough.*

Revolt of the Suburbs.

Your contributor says "Labour is no longer a thing of the slums, but a thing of the suburbs." He is absolutely right, and I think that JOHN BULL has influenced more votes for Labour since 1918 than has any other journal. It is profiteering that has put the Labour Party in power, because the electors know jolly well that neither of the other Parties will make any attempt to deal with it.—*J. G., Bournemouth.*

The Evening of Life.

Can nothing be done on behalf of the aged women and men who are widows and widowers and who are without any income of their own? Like myself, they are dependent on their children. For the last twelve years my son has supported me, and is quite unable to get married in consequence. Could the Government not pay old-age pensions at sixty-five? God knows, that is late enough, for it is a miserable existence—the last years of one's life.—*Mrs. M. B., Caerphilly.*

Fifty-Fifty.

In these days of keen competition between young men and women in business, it seems rather absurd that the former should always be expected to bear the whole cost of entertainment expenses. Especially when, as frequently happens, the young man is earning less than the object of his generosity. The practice must surely tend to destroy that spirit of independence which most girls pride themselves upon. Sex equality in pleasure, as well as in business, should rule.—*Wm. Bambrick, N. 5.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"BRISTOL EVENING TIMES":—"Your Grocer will sell you a 1s. bottle for 1s. 2d. if you present the coupon at foot."

"GIRLS' FRIEND":—"Rarely had Mary Ashford looked prettier than at that moment; her SHAPELY HEAD PARTED, and her cheeks flushed with excitement."

"GLASGOW EVENING CITIZEN" (advert.):—"UNFURNISHED three rooms and kitchen, bath, scullery; WELL FURNISHED."

"PUCK":—"Then, WHEN SHE WAS TUCKED UP IN BED, she SAT ON A CHAIR at the bedside."

"EAST FIFE OBSERVER":—"Ex-Bailie . . . DIED last Tuesday at Aberdeen FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS."

"DAILY RECORD & MAIL" (Glasgow):—"A yoke and long WHITE sleeves of the BLUE material joined a long straight bodice."

"PEOPLE'S JOURNAL":—"Inquiries showed that Margaret was wearing a hat stolen from a local shop, and shoes and stocking and HEADS from another shop."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—"You will notice nothing but a central mound, SURROUNDED BY A LITTLE WOODEN HUT AND A STATELY TREE."

"DAILY RECORD & MAIL" (Glasgow):—"He was washed overboard by a heavy sea, and all EFFORTS TO SAVE HIM PROVED FATAL."

Support for Mormonism.

I have perused the letters re Mormonism with surprise. Where the writers received their information regarding the "enticing of our girls out to Utah," they themselves probably could not tell. If there was any proof of the Mormon fraternity inducing our girls to visit Utah the authorities would not have allowed the Mormons to land here.—*H. K. S., Nottingham.*

Pulpit's Forty Winks.

Your rebuke to the leaders of the Church for their apathy is just and timely. While they are tinkering with non-essentials, the nation is fast learning to live its life without their guidance. If this calamity is to be avoided, and the Church is to become once again a vital force in the lives of the people, it must leave abstractions and come to grips with realities. Precious time has already been lost, and if the present opportunity is allowed to slip, the so-called leaders will incur a grave and unenviable responsibility.—*D.H., Rhondda.*

The Ever-open Door.

When are the authorities going to tackle the question of alien immigration? It is a national scandal that Britain allows this ever-flowing stream to flood her already overcrowded labour market. It is invariably this class which is concerned in dope-peddling and White slavery. Every alien—white, yellow or black—who transgresses our criminal code should be ruthlessly deported, and our immigration laws should be drastically revised.—*E. B. W., Jersey.*

Are Telegrams Secret?

Possibly the same conditions exist in other towns, as in this district. I refer to the position of the telegraph instrument in suburban post offices. In most offices here the steady click, click of the instrument ticking out its message can be heard distinctly all over the office. The information coming through may not be important. On the other hand it may be something which no stranger should hear. In any case, I think it essential in the public interest that the telegraph instrument should be placed out of public hearing.—*W. Heeson, Birmingham.*

Rothermere's Panic.

What a splendid article is Mr. Gardiner's "What the *Daily Mail* Costs Britain." His views are endorsed by the leading financial experts. Sir Herbert Hambling, at the shareholders' annual meeting of Barclays Bank said: "There had been a tendency to alarm investors. Those timorous people who are investing their money in dollar securities will crawl back in a few years with a substantial loss on their investments." There can be little doubt that our financiers have great faith in British investments. Why, then, is Lord Rothermere allowed to continue his unpatriotic stunt?—*Ex-Service Man, Aylesbury.*

Watch the Alderman!

The thanks of all vehicle workers are due to you for your courageous and outspoken article relative to the case of Driver John Cosgrave, discharged by the "Discipline Committee" of the Burnley Corporation for neglecting to pick up a local alderman when his car was already overcrowded. I was pleased to read that the Alderman himself made no complaint. The fact of your having espoused the cause of Motorman Cosgrave conclusively demonstrates the fact that "Write to JOHN BULL about it," is no empty catch-phrase.—*Conductor E, H., Leyton Depot.*

STEPHEN DONOGHUE, The World-Famous Jockey, Dressed by BARRY. (Photo by Press and Publicity Photographic Co.).

A£5-5-0
PURE WOOL TWEED SUIT
FOR £2-0-0

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WHEREVER YOU RESIDE WE UNDERTAKE TO FIT YOU PERFECTLY.

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If you cannot call personally our SELF-MEASURE CHART is unfailing. You take your measures in the privacy of your home, select your cloth from the lovely range of patterns we shall send you, choose your style from the big selection of fashions we submit—and in seven days you will receive your order carefully packed.

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TRIPLE-PROOFED GABARDINE
TRENCH COAT
(The Famous 4-in-1 Model).

In either Blue or Fawn Shade for
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A Combined Overcoat and Storm Coat, stylishly cut and finished, which has stood the test of time in the most inclement weather.

WILLIE SMITH, in his BARRY TRENCH COAT. (Photo by Press and Publicity Co.)

Read Mr. Willie Smith's (the great Billiards Champion) tribute to this wonderful Coat :

"Your Trench Coat has been my bosom friend during rough weather. It is certainly the smartest fitting coat of its type I have ever seen. The extra wool lining is particularly welcome on cold mornings, while the ease and rapidity with which this can be removed on warmer days is also a valuable feature of the Coat. I am, above all, impressed with the amplitude and careful cut of the storm collar. The Coat, indeed, is an ideal all-weather Coat."

Sincerely yours, WILLIE SMITH.

The coat is actually sent on approval. If you do not consider it the very greatest bargain you have ever seen, return it to us at once, and we will refund not only your cash in full, but also the postage incurred by your returning it.
The Special Inter-lining renders it Stormproof.
A smart check lining gives an attractive and dressy finish to it.
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The excellent gabardine shell is of sterling and reliable quality.

Post us your remittance for 32/6 giving us your height and size round chest over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE OR FAWN SHADE IS PREFERRED.

S. A. BARRY & C°
(J.B. DEPT.), 26, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.
(Near Moorgate Tram and Tube Terminus.)

How Wrigley's Saves Teeth

You have always known that teeth are not saved by merely brushing them.

Now Science knows why this is true and tells us what is needed in addition to brushing—a *something* that is best supplied by the regular use of Wrigley's.

A prominent dental surgeon, writing for the *Daily Express* of the 27th June, says :—

"To prevent the teeth decaying by cleanliness alone, the mouth would have to be constantly aseptic. As this is practically impossible, a small quantity of good chewing gum after a meal will induce a long-continued flow of saliva, most efficacious in destroying the numbers of tooth-destroying bacteria."

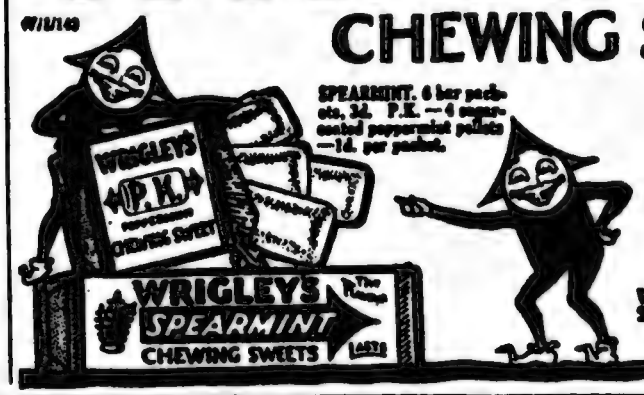
So now you have a sound health reason for indulging in the use of a delightful sweet.

Use Wrigley's because you like it, because it sweetens the mouth, steadies the nerves, comforts you when you cannot smoke or makes the next smoke taste better.

But use it because it saves your teeth by doing for them what nothing else can do. Use it also because it aids digestion—for the same reason that it saves teeth.

Use it yourself and give it freely and regularly to the children. Use it after every meal—that's when it will do you good.

WRIGLEY'S
CHEWING SWEETS



SPEARMINT. 6 bar packets, 3d. P.K.—6 sugar-coated peppermint pellets—1d. per packet.

After every meal

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Great Bargain Sale OF Curzon's Original FAMOUS 4-IN-1 Triple Proofed Gabardine Trench Coat Reduced to 34/6

FOR 21 DAYS ONLY

HAVING been successful in purchasing a large quantity of the material from the manufacturer at a much reduced price, we are, in accordance with our usual practice, AT ONCE giving the public the benefit of any reductions in cost, by offering this Famous Coat complete with the Detachable Wool lining, at **34/6** Carriage Paid.

This is a coat for a lifetime being absolutely stormproof and weatherproof and affording complete protection against the most inclement weather. Its unique features are: –

1. It is lined with smart check plaid.
2. It is rubber interlined.
3. It has a detachable wool lining (for cold weather use) which can be fixed or removed in a minute.
4. All materials used in the production of this coat are guaranteed fast dyes and unshrinkable.

GUARANTEE: The quality and make is in every respect the same as the **ORIGINAL** Coat as first introduced by **CURZON'S**, and the Coat is MUCH SUPERIOR in quality and make to imitations offered at various prices.

ORDER NOW and get the benefit of this Special Sale Price.

When ordering give your height and chest measure (taken over waistcoat). *Money at once refunded if Coat not approved.*

Orders by post to

CURZON BROS., LTD

The Famous London Tailors and Outfitters,

HEAD DEPOT **35 to 37, New Bridge St., Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4**

These coats can also be purchased at the advertised price at the Head Depot and all branches, including **158 & 431, Strand; 112, New Oxford Street; 34, Liverpool Street; 70 & 72, City Road; 103, Finsbury Pavement;** and at Deptford, Woolwich, Forest Gate, Poplar, Finchley, Kingston, Richmond, Sutton, Wimbledon, Grays, Southend, Westcliff, Hove & Gravesend.

To CURZON BROS., Ltd.,
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Please send me one of your Trench coats as advertised, carriage paid, for 34/6 under your guarantee (backed by "John Bull") to refund money if on receipt of the garment I am not fully satisfied.

My height is .....

My chest measure (taken over waistcoat) is.....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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24/- 10 YEARS

Ask for Wills's

GOLD FLAKE CIGARETTES

10 for 6D

Motoring for the Million.

Tried by a Woman

by MOTOMAC

ALL my life I have contended that little things were good. No, there is no prize to-day for guessing my height. In future, I will not argue, but only say, What about the Austin Seven? Is that big? In fulfilment of a promise made some weeks ago, I arranged a trial.

Taking over the car in the dark, was, perhaps, not fair to the car, for I was still feeling for the accelerator in the midst of the Oxford Street traffic. I found it all right, and long before I got to Willesden I was very much at home with everything. Riding alone over very patchy roads in the dark, I had some fairly nasty bumps, and did not feel quite happy about the springs.

In the morning I conscripted a passenger, and the extra weight made all the difference. As I have already written about this little marvel, the passenger's impressions may be more interesting than mine.

HER first impression before starting was that she would rather have her own little ——, mentioning a car which cost at least twice as much as the Austin. On the road the cautious opinion was ventured, that "the seats were very comfortable, if a little hard." When we came to the "pretty" road, pretty in the motoring sense, the passenger got a little windy, and said that she had never travelled so fast in a car in her life (she has jogged along at fifty before now).

The first decent hill we took on top awakened a little enthusiasm, for she admitted that normally she had to change for it. Coming out of Rickmansworth, with its pull up of 1 in 4½, I changed into second at the bottom. Half-way up we had to slow down, a traction engine with a trailer just meeting a riding party when we wanted to pass. To my astonishment the little car picked up again, and sailed right away without any fuss.

Having driven many cars up that hill with the same passenger abourd, we both agreed that it was a good performance. Then we changed positions. Lady at the wheel, opening remark: "She feels better than she looks." Second ditto: "The steering is very light." After an interval: "I like a lively 'bus, don't you?" and then: "I have never driven a strange car so easily."

IT is important to register the opinions of the lady, for so many women nowadays are looking for a little runabout, but are often afraid to tackle the job in case the driving is too difficult. My own good opinion of the car has simply been confirmed by the trial.

It is easily controlled at all speeds, and I liked specially the rapidity with which one got from bottom to top, getting right into your stride without any working up, due to the marvellous acceleration of the engine. The brakes were very smooth and effective, both *back and front*, and that cannot always be said for low-priced cars. After half an hour with the car, you feel quite at home, after a full morning run, ready to take any sporting chance with confidence.

That feeling is a better testimony than anything I can say. I still think that low pressure tyres would make for more comfortable running; if so you can depend upon it the Austin Company will introduce them when they are satisfied that the move is warranted by experience.

For further particulars about cars and accessories send coupon on page 5.

10,000 AILING PEOPLE WANTED

Month's Treatment sent —no fee unless benefited

The vitalising powers of our natural medicine are so astonishing that you would hardly believe them, even if we published all the 24,000 testimonials that we have received. Therefore we do not ask you to believe, or to pay one penny piece until you have proved what it can do for you. We will send you a whole month's treatment—over 100 doses—on your simple promise to try whether Vitæ-Ore will do for you what it has done and is doing for other sufferers in your town and every other part of the Kingdom. If you say you are no better, it has cost you nothing. It cannot possibly do you any harm. There is not an atom of poison or harmful element in it, and it is quite pleasant to take; you drink it instead of water. All our tens of thousands of customers first tried Vitæ-Ore at our risk. We want 10,000 more ailing persons to do the same. Many people who suffered from serious chronic ailments, like Neuritis, Sciatica, St. Vitus' Dance, and affections of the kidneys and bladder, which nothing seemed to touch, have told us that Vitæ-Ore worked like magic. The most desperate cases have been cured. Your case may seem equally hopeless, and yet without a farthing of risk you can at least try what Vitæ-Ore can do. Perhaps your ailment is of a less serious nature. You may be merely run-down, a little anæmic, a sufferer from dyspepsia or inability to digest and derive benefit from your food; you may be nervous or neuralgic, or may suffer from those distressing backaches and pains in the side, if a woman. Never a day passes without some sufferer just like yourself writing to us, delighted with the effects of Vitæ-Ore, and proving that he or she is benefited, by sending the money. That is all we ask—that if you feel better you shall pay the very small price of 4s. 6d. for the whole month's strengthening, vitalising, curative treatment.

APPROVED BY DOCTORS.

Vitæ-Ore is not a patent medicine or quack remedy; it contains no drugs. The Government analysts exempted it from patent medicine stamp duty. The *Lancet*, the most cautious and authoritative medical paper in existence, said of it: "The clinical results obtained were satisfactory." The *Medical Magazine* (another doctors' paper) said: "We have no hesitation in recommending Vitæ-Ore."

Vitæ-Ore is a natural remedy, which cures by increasing the natural vitality of the system. Not only your aches and pains, or the chronic ailment that you supposed was incurable, your indigestion, your nervous debility, the early effects of advancing years are done away with, but you are better all over, too. Your mind works better. Your muscles are strengthened. Your vital powers are renewed. You feel younger, more vigorous. You are better looking—your skin and eyes are clearer. It is Nature working in you. Girls who are bloodless and anæmic—pale, easily tired, short of breath when going upstairs—derive the most wonderful benefits from Vitæ-Ore.

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The vitalising and rejuvenating effects of Vitæ-Ore are proved by the great variety of ailments which it has cured. They include such things as:—

Anæmia	Rheumatism and
Neuralgia	Neurasthenia
Headaches	Enfeebled Nerves
Sciatica	Kidney and Bladder
Lumbago	Weakness
St. Vitus' Dance	Chronic Catarrh
Dyspepsia	Sluggish Liver and
Chronic Indigestion	All run-down conditions due to the
Eruptions of the Skin	Stomach, Kidneys,
Backache in Women	Nerves and Liver
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Vitæ-Ore is also a most effective tonic: it quickly improves the appetite and digestion, and increases the vital forces.

HOW TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS FREE OFFER.

You can try the effect of Vitæ-Ore for a month, without sending any money. Simply fill up the coupon at foot and post to us and we send you enough to furnish 3 doses a day for a whole month. If you feel the benefit, you undertake to send 4s. 6d. only. If not you have only to write and say so and we cancel the bill.

THEO. NOEL CO. LTD (Dept. 19), 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4.

DO NOT MISS THIS.

The benefits which thousands have derived from Vitæ-Ore are so great that you owe it to yourself to take advantage of this very liberal offer. The price that you pay, if benefited, is so very small that you would surely not grudge it: 4s. 6d. is little enough for renewed vitality, better spirits, marked increase in bodily and mental vigour, and the delightful sense of well-being that comes from the full vitality that Vitæ-Ore practically always gives. If you think for a moment you can see that it must succeed, for if nearly every one did not feel visibly benefited we should not receive enough remittances to pay the cost of doing business. Vitæ-Ore must have more vitalising power than anything else, for no other medicine is offered you on these terms.

NO BENEFIT—NO PAY.

Therefore, for your own sake, do not delay. You may forget. Cut out the coupon at once and send to us without any money.

CUT THE COUPON OUT NOW, BEFORE YOU FORGET.

Send this Without Money for 4/6 Packet lasting a Month.

To the THEO. NOEL CO., LTD. (Dept. 19), 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4.

Dear Sirs

Please send me a month's supply of Vitæ-Ore with full directions and free book of particulars.

I will use it according to the "Directions," and promise to report results in 30 days.

If it does me good I will send you 4s. 6d. (cost of filling and dispensing) in payment for the month's course of treatment. If not, I will write and say so, and in that case You are to charge me nothing.

NAME .....

Address .....

.....

[Advt.]

By Appointment to H.M. Queen Alexandra.

It speaks for itself—a My Goodness!

SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE

100,000 Rugs GIVEN AWAY.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull," 9-2-24. On receipt of Postal Order for 12/6 we will forward Direct from our Looms to your address one of our "Pradattal" Brussels

Real Seamless Woven GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS CARPETS

Carriage 1/- extra.

Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in thirty Turkey pat terns and fashionable self shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room.

12/6 Post Free

These Carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as sample Carpets showing you the identical quality we supply. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Over 600,000 sold during the past 12 months. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every Carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome Rug to match. Gigantic Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Bedsteads, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, etc., post free, if mentioning "John Bull," 9-2-24, when writing. (Established over Half a Century.)

F. HODGSON & SONS, Dept. J.B.), Woodsley Rd. City of Leeds.

2/6 Weekly buys a No. 300A "Mead" Gramophone with giant horn, loud soundbox, massive polished cult case and 40 tunes. Carriage paid. 10 *Days' Trial*. 300 model **30/6** cash to record buyers. Table Grands, Portables and Cabinet models at HALF SHOP PRICES. Write for Catalogue.

Mead Company (Dept 1137) BIRMINGHAM.

JUNO BABY CARS.

Sent on approval, carriage paid. Guarantee our 40 years' reputation. Money returned if dissatisfied. EASY TERMS from **1/10** weekly. Amazing value. Write for FREE LISTS (Dept. D3)

Cash from £2:19:6

METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS CO., Ltd. 168 & 243, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Advice Bureau. *See page 21.*

P. P. (Tooting).—"I am rapidly going grey." Never say dye!

N. D. (Wigan).—"I have just got a loud speaker." Was the ceremony performed in church or at a registry office?

N. L. (Finsbury).—"At the Election I favoured a Protectionist." Never mind! Everybody sows his wild votes.

J. D. Q. (Manchester): "I feel the need of more exercise." Roll your own cigarettes, then.

A. A. (Epsom).—"There is no lack of houses in Germany." But they are all Jerry-built.

D. D. L. (Clerkenwell).—"I do not object to Spring-cleaning." You must be a watchmaker.

J. S. (Burslem).—"A man is never too old to learn." But a good many are too young to realise it.

C. M. (Wrexham).—"I am by trade a builder and undertaker." In fact you put up one and put down another.

WM. E. (Birkenhead).—"Settlers overseas want British wives." If unsuitable, settlers will want British wives overseas.

J. E. K. (Hitchin).—"The modern child needs training how to think." Failing which of course only a parliamentary career is open to him.

H. O. C. (Sydenham).—"My friends tell me that I can earn my living with my pen." What sort of fowls do you propose to keep in it?

P. P. (Nottingham).—"I heard the cuckoo when I was shaving the other morning." You must have seen it, too, when you looked in the glass.

J. H. (Ripley).—"It is essential that British journalists should be fair and straightforward." And as one man the entire staff reply "That's us."

G. A. F. (Purley).—"I held the same hand three times running at a whist drive." Do you go to the pictures with her, too?

J. S. (Bradford).—"I have had a telephone installed at my office." Now you cannot say that you have no connection with any other firm.

H. J. (Rochdale).—"No dead person has yet returned to life." The reason being that they doubtless know when they're well off.

O. C. (Dunster).—"Since writing to you my conscience has been working overtime." We trust it's not going on strike as a result.

E. N. (Todmorden).—"Assume there are ten million families looking for houses." And then assume that they're likely to go on looking.

B. A. (Leigh).—"It has always puzzled me why a woman is given away at a wedding." Probably, because it is known that soon after the man will give himself away voluntarily.

K. L. (Wisbech).—"I don't suppose that I got to sleep one night in six." You must be a very wide-awake fellow.

L. K. (Hertford).—"Two heads are better than one." But it is not always advisable to put them together.

W. O. P. (Silloth).—"My dog tore my landlord's trousers." Well, he called for the rent, didn't he?

G. G. A. (Camberwell).—"I have received a University education." Never mind. You may be able to live it down.

N. W. O. (Glasgow).—"Most of the milk sold is adulterated." It looks as if you'd left your ink out in the rain, too.

PAYE (Watford).—"My husband thinks that he has all the brains." Why don't you give him a piece of your mind?

F. T. H. (Margate).—"Is it effeminate for a husband to offer to do the cooking?" It might easily prove to be unkind.

H. O. H. (Lewisham).—"Some of the new M.P.s are jokes." But few have whiskers on them.

L. A. L. (Barnet).—"Do our Ministers get more money than ordinary M.P.s?" Oh, yes. A Cabinet couldn't hold together without a few good screws.

HOUSEWIFE (Highgate).—"Tea, sugar and milk are dearer." The roads are up, too, but as we write, the rain is coming down.

G. D. (Newmarket).—"Women are getting more and more masculine." Well, isn't imitation the sincerest form of flattery?

A. W. L. (Doncaster).—"Politics in Greece are a big gamble." The Kings and Queens certainly seem to be reshuffled frequently.

U. N. (Burnley).—"What is the matter with the men who make the laws?" Mostly they suffer from swollen head and shrinkage of the brain.

H. A. (Rotherham).—"I always buy British-made matches because I like those that light." You're in favour of strikers in fact.

M. D. (Aberdeen).—"I prepare the timber used in the manufacture of bagpipes." Then you are responsible for the wooden wails of Scotland.

R. W. (Holford).—"Many people take all they can get and give nothing in return." But as such people never get much it doesn't matter.

N. J. (Sydney).—"We are to have the biggest bridge in the world here." And by the time the taxpayers have finished providing the money, it will be a bridge of sighs.

B. N. S. (Banstead).—"I am a sound sleeper." Let us hope you are also a soundless sleeper.

N. O'R. (Leeds).—"Our police gave a concert the other night." Did they sing "Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?"

R. E. T. (Warrington).—"I suggest that pedestrians be given horns as well as motorists." If you'd said wings.

N. R. R. (Richmond).—"I have broken every record in my club." What did you do with the gramophone?

H. P. (Birmingham).—"Why should bread go up when flour remains down?" Perhaps the bakers knead the dough.

F. C. A. (Kirkcaldy).—"I dislike some of JOHN BULL's features." We must keep our nose to the grindstone.

L. L. (Norfolk).—"Because I complained of the dinner, my wife threw a pie at me." Has she ever thought of going on the films?

N. O. P. (York).—"All footballers should be teetotallers." But surely you would allow referees to wet their whistles occasionally.

A. L. (Wembley).—"Bloodsucking middlemen need a taste of mediæval torture." We're doing our best to draw their teeth.

L. A. M. (Camden Town).—"To my mind, there is nothing so beautiful as a London fog." We can see very little in it.

B. B. (Barrow).—"Give credit where credit is due." Yes. Don't be like the watchmaker who hung up a "No Tick" notice in his shop.

D. S. (Goole).—"Since I was married my wife is not so attentive as she used to be." One doesn't chase a tram after one has caught it.

"INDIGNANT" (S.E.5).—"A new broom is needed in Whitehall." Such an unheard of proposal simply sweeps us off our feet.

M. K. (Willesden).—"Many motorists will not observe the rule of the road." No doubt they prefer to adopt the role of the rude.

J. J. S. (Todmorden).—"The people who indulge in excessive drinking are usually very untidy." But still they may take their whisky neat.

R. K. (York).—"'Much in little' about explains my meaning." And "little in much" about explains your attempt to express your meaning.

A. L. (Swansea).—"I had a few words with a policeman and the magistrate made me pay 40s." We're paying £250 for a few words—on a *Bullets* coupon.

J. S. C. (Romford).—"So I rushed out of the room and slammed the door." Evidently you're of a retiring disposition.

I. N. (Taunton).—"Wireless has been of great benefit to deaf people." Exactly, deafness is no longer a curse.

D. N. (Kendal).—"The day the rate-collector calls is always a misery to me." A no-quarter day in fact.

MEG (Troon).—My sweetheart says I look best in my golfing kit." We should love to see you in your plush fours.

R. P. W. (London, W.).—"I admire Lord Rothermere's policy." That's two of you altogether, then.

A. C. T. (Hove).—"All my ideas are upside down at present." Why don't you get your spectacles right end up?

J. D. (Kingston).—"On the whole do people who go to Monte Carlo win or lose?" The answer is obviously "Yes."

B. Y. (Eaton).—"I am writing as a reader of your paper." And we are reading as a writer of yours.

O. M. (Coventry).—"If you see anything useful in this letter, print it." Draw your own conclusions.

N. O. (Cromer).—"At one time I was against whipping, but was ultimately forced to take it up." The little devil!

MRS. K. (Didcot).—"I have been meaning for a long time to write to you." And now you have written for a long time without any meaning.

K. J. J. (Doncaster).—"The Labour Cabinet are intent on tackling the unemployment problem." Yes, they have already found work for the Civil Servants.

P. P. (Ashby).—"I thought when Labour came into power there would be revolutions." So did a good many people, but it is now spelt *resolutions*.

A. N. Z. (Sydney).—"Australia is going to be the America of the future." This looks as if the Kangaroo's pouch will soon be as famous as the hip-pocket.

G. H. (Garstang).—"A clean sweep of the existing social evils is called for." Well, we've got a lot of new brooms, so let's wait and see.

M. M. (Ipswich).—"The world is full of willing people and most of them are willing to work." Right! And the remainder are willing to let them.

G. H. (Hull).—"In my opinion, Spring Poets should be drawn and quartered." They frequently are—drawn by comic artists, and quartered by grave editors.

M. T. L. (Fellingham).—"Nothing will grow on the plot of land which I bought last year." You seem to have ground for complaint.

E. T. N. (Penarth).—"A husband and wife shouldn't be afraid to quarrel." Connubial courage in this direction is quite common.

W. W. (Horley).—"I am afraid some of the doctors will have to go by the board." But their patients will no doubt remain on the panel.

H. O. (Lancaster).—"Why are we not all buying British goods?" Because some of us have no money and others have no sense.

C. L. (Ayr).—"I suppose thousands of lives have been saved by using cork jackets." And apparently thousands have sunk through using cork-screws.

R. T. (Wigan).—"This makes by no means pleasant reading." It was thoughtful of you to tell us, because we promptly read no more.

N. S. (Tadcaster).—"The Government knows it has the watchful eye of the British Public upon it." The trouble is that the political eye of the British Public is very apt to squint.

H. F. (Skipton).—"As I have not received any reply to my arguments I am entitled to conclude you find them unanswerable." You are entitled to conclude we found them not worthy of a reply.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Straight from the Shoulder

RAMSAY MACDONALD:—I have no intention of trying to introduce measures to impose a levy on capital.

Wise man! But had you said this during the election you might now have had a working majority.

* * *

SIR ELLIS WILLIAMS:—It may be a sign of insanity to want to enter Parliament.

Judging by the mess politicians make of things when they get there, it is.

* * *

LOVAT FRASER: We have got a Government of which we have no reason to be ashamed.

And we have got an unblushing journalistic juggler in yourself of whom we are very much ashamed.

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN:—The Protectionist Flag is not the only flag knocking about; there's the Red Flag.

And the latter will ultimately be knocked about as much as the former has been.

* * *

LORD CECIL:—The Parties in France are as unanimous in favour of the League as the Parties in England.

Rubbish—and you know it. France is bitterly hostile to the League, and that is one big reason for its failure.

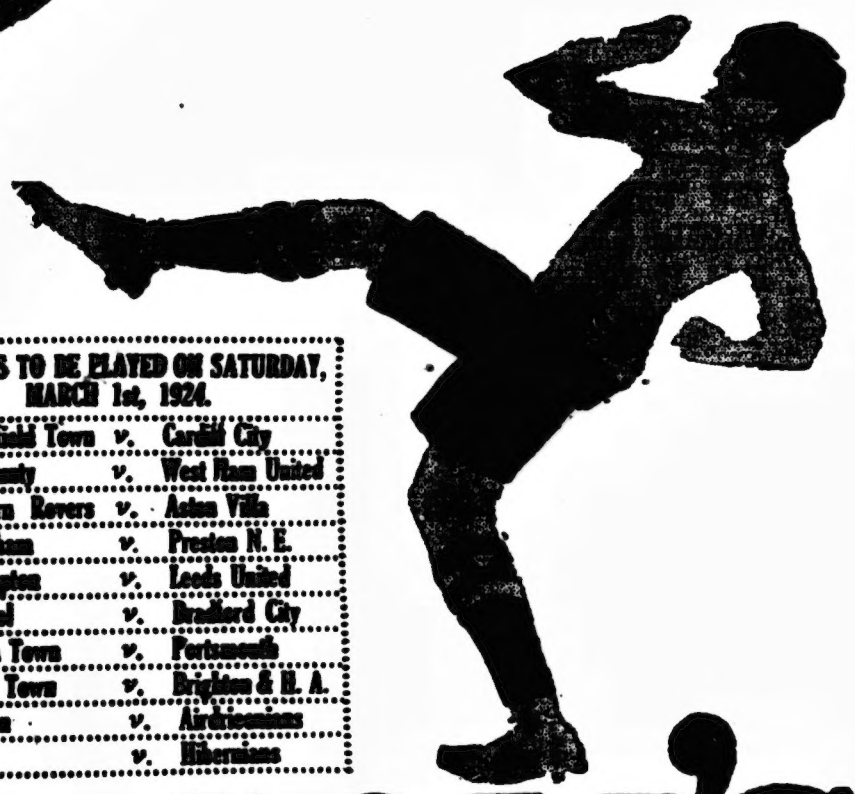
* * *

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI:—I swear we are always as ready to kill as to die.

Nevertheless you are having to compromise. A modern world has no use for tyranny.

must be won

£1000



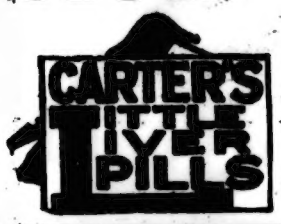
FOR 10

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED ON SATURDAY, MARCH 1st, 1924.		
Huddersfield Town	v.	Cardiff City
Notts County	v.	West Ham United
Blackburn Rovers	v.	Aston Villa
Birmingham	v.	Preston N. E.
Southampton	v.	Leeds United
Blackpool	v.	Bradford City
Swindon Town	v.	Portsmouth
Merthyr Town	v.	Brighton & H. A.
Aberdeen	v.	Airdrieonians
Clyde	v.	Hibernians

PEARSON'S WEEKLY

now on sale 2D

What to Take for SICK HEADACHE



Take a good dose of **Carter's Little Liver Pills**—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. A few doses restore your organs to their proper functions and the Headache and the causes of it pass away. In the same manner *They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation.*

Genuine bear signature— *Brentford* **Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price**

2/6 Weekly

is all you pay for our No. 69a Model "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Brilliantly plated, richly enamelled, lined in colours. Sent packed free, carriage paid, on

15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory soiled machines. Tyres and accessories 20% below shop price. Write TO-DAY for illus. art catalogue.

MODEL 69a **£5 5s. CASH**

Mead Cycle Company (Inc.), Dept. B.697), Birmingham

Generation after generation have learned to rely on

Kay's Compound Essence

OF LINSEED, AMMONIA, SENEGA, SQUILL, TOLU, ETC.

Registered LINSEED COMPOUND Trade Mark

for **COUGHS & COLDS**

Family Size 2/-, smaller 1/3.

Of Dispensing Chemists Only.

A Factory in a Kitchen.

NEW PROFESSION UNLIMITED SCOPE. OPEN TO YOU.

ALL MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY CAN HELP. We offer you the opportunity to commence a new and fascinating business in your own home, manufacturing an article in constant and increasing demand—an article that is a necessity of modern life.

USE YOUR WINTER EVENINGS PROFITABLY—

and not only your Winter evenings, but every evening and—eventually—every day of the year. You are free to earn anything up to

£6 PER WEEK

EARN MONEY IN COMFORT BY YOUR OWN FIRESIDE.

Royal Letters Patent protect the article you make, and Goods reaching the required Standard will be sold (if desired) for you through our Distributors. We guarantee you a profit of not less than 50 per cent. on your outlay for Raw Material (which need not be purchased from us).

NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE OR EXPENSIVE MACHINERY REQUIRED.

A very small initial outlay will see you started in your spare time.

START IN A HUMBLE WAY AND COMMENCE TO BUILD WITHOUT DELAY. Not a "Mail Order" or similar proposition, but something entirely new and absolutely genuine.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.

Write us, without any obligation on your part, enclosing 1½d. stamp to cover postage, and full particulars of our offer, together with UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY FROM PRESENT LICENSEES, will be sent you, under plain wrapper, per return of post. Please give your name and address very clearly. Address your application to:

THE ENGLAND-RICHARDS COMPANY,

7G, King's Lynn, Norfolk.

SARTOLEUM CORK LINO.

Perfect quality, supplied direct at bargain prices

Cork Lino **2/9** per sq. yard;
Oilcloths **2/-** per sq. yard.

SEND NO MONEY.

Call or write for Folder, showing full range of free patterns, also particulars of free gift.

FLOORCOVERINGS LTD. (Dept. 38), Exeter House, Derby St., CHEETHAM, Manchester.

Coughs, Colds, Bronchial Chills.

The One Sure Domestic Remedy.

This is the season for coughs and colds. Take precautions. Use the safe and pleasant remedy—Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. It relieves the irritating cough—prevents serious complications—stops the catarrh. Equally efficacious for children and adults

Recently improved by the addition of new balsamic extracts, highly approved by the medical profession.

Price 1/3; Family Size 3/-; all Chemists.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Meltis ORCHARD FRUITS.

A rich Assortment of Fruit Confectionery in many Flavours.

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS

And the Sufferings of Innocent Children

HIGH in the heavens, silhouetted against London's murky sky, the blindfold figure of Justice, bearing sword and scales in her hands, stands poised over the dome of the Central Criminal Court as an emblem of impartiality. Over the portals in the Old Bailey are carved the words, "Defend the children of the poor and punish the wrongdoer."

They are a useful reminder that scarcely a crime is committed that does not involve suffering to some innocent child, and that though the guilty person must be punished, there is a further duty laid upon society to relieve that suffering.

This is a duty which "The Greatest of These—" Fund is frequently called upon to perform, though the sins of the fathers who cause the suffering to innocent children which the fund endeavours to relieve are not always of the sort that bring the wrongdoer into the police court dock.

"What a brute!" you exclaim when you read in your daily paper of some worthless wretch who has deserted his wife and family, leaving them without means of sustenance other than the depressing hospitality of the workhouse.

Yet there are worse forms of cruelty than wife desertion. Anyone who has long been engaged in the administration of charity can assure you that in the course of the investigations they are called upon to make they sometimes have to delve into depths of human degradation that are almost unimaginable.

Take, for instance, cases of husbands, selfish to the core and too lazy to work, who rely upon the sufferings of their wives and little ones to arouse sympathy, and having obtained grants from various funds, spend the money in self-indulgence and dissipation, leaving the haggard women and weakling children more hopeless than before. Such cases are by no means so rare as might be supposed.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund never gives money to the professional cadger. The wastrel who seeks relief with a packet of cigarettes sticking out of his waistcoat pocket and a smell of beer about his breath receives short shrift; however eloquently he may plead the cause of his starving wife and children.

But, by means unknown to him, the innocent sufferers will receive relief. The patient wife will be provided with necessary nourishment, and the barefoot bairns be clad in strong boots.

You may rest assured that your donations to the Fund will be wisely distributed. Send us all you can to help us to lighten some poor woman's burden of sorrow, and smooth the roadway of life for little feet.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

"Widow," 6d.; "Little Boy," 6d.; Anon., 1s.; S. P. Bradford, 1s.; "Dulverton," 4s. 6d.; "In Remembrance, R.," 2s. 6d.; "In Memory of Brother, 6d.; "God's Good," 1s.; "Better Hope," 1s.; "Old Age Pensioner," 6d.; E. Rayner, 7d.; E. R. S., 1s. 1½d.; S. G., 1s.; Joseph Gould," 6d.; Mrs. A. Lobban, 6d.; "Ninth," 6d.; T. and S. Maxwell, 2s. 6d.; "On the Ninth," 3d.; "Wellwisher's Ninth," 2s. 3½d.; J. Lennox, 6d.; E. Thorn, 6d.; E. Reed, parcel; Working Man's Wife, 2s. and parcel; F. C. Uphill, parcel; "Eleventh of Eleventh," 1s.; G. R., 3s. 1d.; "Amor," 5s.; Nottingham, 1s.; Mrs. Tyson and Mrs. Edward, 2s.; "Rake," 2s. 6d.; "Stupid," 6d.; "Gratias Deo," 2s. 6d.; A. Turner, 6d.; E. Purkiss, 7d.; T. Mitchell, 1s.; "Elland," 5d.; Anon., 6d.; "Edinburgh," 6d.; "A Grateful Mother," 10s.; "W.," £1; F. S. B., 6d.; H. M., 6d.; A. Boulton, 1s. 6d.; L. Conwell, 1s.; G. H. "Bennie," 2s. 6d.; "Leesudden," 5s. and parcel; "Tweedside," 5s.; Mrs. Hardaker, 1s.; T. Stratford-Worbeys, 2s. 6d.; T. Moran, 1s.; H. Ramshill, 7d.; E. Cockburn, 1s.; F. Sanderson, 1s. 3d.; F. Rushton, 1s.; Mrs. A. E. Cockburn, knitting machine; Mrs. Moore, 2s. 6d.; H. Smalloombe, 1s.; W. J. Markham, 1s.; "Scotswoman," 2s. 6d.; S. Pine, 1s. 6d.; "Black Peg," 1s.; "Ontario," 1 dollar; Jack, 2s.; J. Robbins, 1s. 5d.; "Edith's Fifteenth Ninth," 2s. 6d.; "Grig," 2s. 6d.; "Silent Knight," 2s.; "Help One Another," 1s. 9d.; T. L. Skinner, 2s.; H. E. May, 1s. 1d.; Hylda and Eddie, 1s.; H. L. Harris, 4s. 6d.; Billy Chamberlain, 2s. 6d.; W. N. Wood, 2s.; E. R., 1s. 6d.; "Cockney," 1s.; "Mr. Mystry," 6d.; E. M. C., 5s. 11d.; Emily (Finsbury Park), 10s.; "Bervie," 3s.; M. L. (N. Lambeth), 10s.; "Still Hopeful," 6d.; "Children-lover," 2s.; "Living in Hopes," 2s.; "Two Guys," 1s.; F. Hancox, 1s.; A. G. Hamley, 5s.; J. Stephen, 1s. 6d.; P. Bennett, 3s.; R. H. Thurlow, 2s. 6d.; "Cogs," parcel; H. R. Parnbow, 2s.; F. E. Hussey, 1s. 6d.; "Kia-ora," 3d.; "Four More on the Ninth," 2s.; M. A. T., 9d.; "Lonely Hard Worker," 1s.; "Viking Steel," 6d.; "Penfold," 6d.; T. R. Green, 2s.; H. P. Hanham," 5s.; A. M. Hornsey, 1s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; "Monday Ninth," 1s. 3d.; H. B., 6d.; "Four More Soldiers," 2s.; M. B., 6d.; J. Moyle (Frosterley), 10s.; G. Arnold, 1s.; Private G. B. S., 6d.; "All That Was Left," 7d.; H. H. H., 1s.; J. R. Powell, 1s. 6d.; "Busy Bee," 1s.; E. Smith, 1s. 6d.; "Bognor," 2s.; J. Fender, 1s.; H. A. Reed, 4s. 3d.; "All the World's a Stage," 1s. 3d.; F. Chapman, 1s.; A. B. W., 2s.

Many acknowledgments must oldedly held over.)

Look who's here!

G. K. Chesterton, Sir Thomas Lipton, Alec Waugh, A. M. Burrage, Herbert Farjeon, H. F. Maltby, E. V. Knox, Lawson Wood, Harry Rowntree, G. E. Studdy, and others of like calibre.

Did you ever see such an array of talent before? Don't miss the New "Passing Show"—it's the best thing that's happened yet in 1924.

THE NEW

PASSING SHOW

Every Saturday——Twopence.

"Bullets" Questions Answered

"I have won several 'Target' prizes, but the Bullets which I have entered on these coupons have won nothing. Is this because you require a higher standard of Bullet on a 'Target' coupon?"

No. "Target" Prize coupons are judged in precisely the same manner as the others, merit being the only test. All *Bullets* submitted, whether on "Target" or ordinary coupons, have the same opportunity of winning a prize. The wise competitor takes the same care over his "Target" *Bullets* as those for which he pays an entry-fee.

"Am I allowed to enter the same Bullet on several coupons to ensure that it will impress itself on the judges?"

Competitors may rest assured that the merit of a good *Bullet* will be recognised *the first time* it comes before an adjudicator. If a *Bullet* is not good, no amount of "impressing it on the judges" will secure a prize.

"When sending more than one Bullets entry, am I intended to cut out each coupon separately? And is it sufficient to sign one coupon only?"

Although it is not essential, competitors can assist our staff by separating each coupon before entry. Every coupon is considered separately for a prize, and it is therefore desirable, if sending more than one, that your name and address should appear on each.

"I recently entered the Bullet—"POINCARE—REVOLUTION UNLESS HE RETREATS," *but received no prize. My friends consider I should certainly have won something for this effort—surely your judges must have missed the R-U-H-R formed by its initial letters?"*

We do not call for this kind of ingenuity in *Bullets*, and the effort would have been judged on its straightforward meaning alone. Some competitors imagine that by merely beginning each word of their *Bullet* with the same letter, thus—"HER HERO—HOLDS HER HAND HAPPILY," they have produced a prize worthy effort. They will not win big prizes with such *Bullets*, and the time that is spent on devising such trick letter effects could be better employed in constructing straightforward *Bullets* of the orthodox type.

"I understand that typewritten entries are allowed in Bullets. These coupons must obviously be easier to read. Is there any advantage in submitting Bullets in this manner?"

None whatever. A small percentage of competitors prefer to submit typewritten coupons, but at least 90 per cent. of *Bullets* prizes are won with handwritten entries. Neither do the judges pay any special attention to copperplate writing, illuminated lettering, gaily coloured inks, or complicated printing—the *Bullets* so entered get the same, but no more, consideration than others less laboriously presented. All that is necessary to win is legible handwriting—*and a good Bullet*.

"Could you not include some prizes in kind, such as gramophones, wireless sets, etc., in the Bullets prize-list?"

We welcome this competitor's opinion, but it is clear to us that the general view, as expressed in many other letters, is against prizes in kind. Cash prizes, and plenty of them, are what the average competitor wants—he prefers to suit his own particular tastes in the matter of spending his winnings. Our new *Bullets* prize-list has been framed accordingly. Week by week it provides regular opportunities of winning big money prizes—including £250, £100, £50, £25, £10, ten of £5, ten of £2 10s., 100 of £1, and many other cash awards. After all, *there can be no more acceptable prize than a substantial cheque.*

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 512.

WHAT COUNTRY NEEDS
RAMSAY'S HOPE
FACING THE FUTURE
FAIR PAY
ONLY A GIRL
IN PRISON
SEEING HIM OFF
EMPTY
GOOD IMPRESSION
MAKES OR MARS
KEY OF SITUATION
WIFE'S OPINION
OFF THE TRACK
BAD TASTE
WHAT THE PARROT SAID
TEMPTING FATE
FLOURISHING
WANTED AGAIN
PERMANENT JOB
MISHANDLED
OLD DODGE
A FAST
THE SEQUEL
WON'T ANSWER
AT LAST
IN THE WORKSHOP
WORTH PRINTING
IN POWER
DOMESTIC PROBLEM
KNOWING SMILE
ROCKS AHEAD
DANGEROUS MAN

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☞ SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the Winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in competition No. 512 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The Result of Competition No. 510 will be published in next week's issue.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed: then give any Two, Three or Four Words having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—CAPITAL LEVY *Bullet*:—WISH IT WORRIED ME. *Example*:—GOOD LOOKS *Bullet*:—NOT WHEN SHE'S "ROUSED." *Example*:—HER HERO *Bullet*:—BEFORE—HER HEARER AFTER. The entry for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

☞ **ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO** "Bullets" No. 512, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Closing Date, Thursday, February 14.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(512) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, February 14.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(512) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four words.

Closing Date, Thursday, February 14.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(512) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, February 14

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(512) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

☞ If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 512.

THE ENTENTE—CUP OF SORROW—IN RUSSIA FOR THE PRESENT—NEW JOB—CHARGING—HER GRIEVANCE—NOT RIPE YET—GOOD NAME—OLD-FASHIONED—UNWILLINGNESS—SHOT—LAST—BEHIND HIM—ASLEEP—SORRY AFTER—QUARRELLING—KEEPING SHOP—IN AND OUT—MIXED GREW—NOT OFFICIAL.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21st. All coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 512 in the top left-hand corner and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 512, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two Examples for Competition No. 512.

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 510 can now be seen at Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's Bookstall, Orpington Station, Kent.

Children's Nerve Trouble

How Mrs. Ruskin's daughter was cured of a serious Nerve Complaint by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mrs. Ruskin's Statement :

Writing from 141, Bellemarsh-road, Gorleston-on-Sea, Mrs. Ruskin says: "I am writing to let you know how much good Dr. Cassell's Tablets have done my daughter. About 12 months ago she had a very bad attack of St. Vitus' Dance, and she was sent to hospital. There she lay for three months, and she came home thinking she was cured, but after she had been home a week the trouble came back. She could not walk straight, and when she tried to talk her mouth was distorted. She could not keep a limb still. I did not like the idea of her going back into hospital, and I decided to try your tablets. To my surprise after the first box she was able to get up again. I continued to give them to her, and now I am glad to say she can go to work again, and is quite strong. To see her you would not think she had come through such a serious illness."

TAKE TWO AT BEDTIME
and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

Take Dr. Cassell's for

Nervous Breakdown	Anæmia
Neuritis	Palpitation
Indigestion	Kidney
Sleeplessness	Weakness
Neuralgia	Children's
Nerve Pains	Weakness
Headache	Wasting

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Prices 1/3 and 3/-
Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

No more Eczema or Face Spots

Do you suffer with facial eczema, pimples, or blackheads? If so, suffer no longer, for Antexema removes every spot, rash, or sign of eczema. The first touch cools the inflamed surface, and all itching stops. Your skin trouble starts to go away, new skin begins to grow, and day by day your skin looks healthier, until soon every blemish disappears, never to return. Get Antexema and away will go your skin trouble. Get anything else and it will continue to plague you. Antexema instantly relieves and quickly cures eczema, skin eruptions, rashes, scalp troubles, pimples, blotches, bad legs, bad hands, chaps, chilblains, baby rashes, and every other form of skin illness of children and adults.

Get Antexema To-day

Whatever part of the body is affected, or however badly you have been disappointed before, Antexema will surely succeed. Antexema is not a greasy ointment, but a creamy liquid, and is invisible on the skin when applied.

Antexema is supplied by all chemists and stores, everywhere. Also at Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy Civil Service Stores, Harrods, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylors Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrows', at 3s. and 1s. 3d., the larger size being the more economical; or post free direct, 3s. and 1s. 6d., from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.1. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa and Europe.

☛ *Use Antexema Soap (Pine Tar) and keep your skin clear of all blemishes and protect yourself against infection. 8d. tablets.*

18,702 BRITISH DOCTORS Have Already Taken Up CICFA for INDIGESTION

and HUNDREDS of these DOCTORS HAVE WRITTEN us of the SPLENDID RESULTS they have obtained by its use in PRACTICE and in their HOMES

Physicians' names and addresses must never be published; therefore when an official physician wrote us doubting the accuracy of our statements, we invited him to call and examine the original letters and cards which we had received from thousands of those physicians. He called, bringing a solicitor to assist him in making a thorough investigation. After they had completed the examination he declared that all his doubts were removed, and that he was entirely satisfied, for he had found all our statements correct.

WHEN SO MANY BRITISH DOCTORS ARE SATISFIED WITH CICFA YOU CAN CONFIDENTLY BEGIN TAKING IT AT ONCE.

Cicfa, by supplying the Natural Digestive Ferments, ensures the digestion of all the Albuminous food in the Stomach and all the Starchy food in the Bowel. When CICFA is taken there is immediate improvement in Stomach Digestion; thus gases, which so often cause pressure and pain felt near the heart, are no longer formed, while that feeling of fullness and sense of weight at the "pit of the Stomach," when Bowel Digestion is beginning, rapidly grows less; Flatulence and Acidity decrease; "Starch Balls" are no longer formed, so that all the contents of the Bowel are digested, the nourishment is absorbed into the system and the refuse naturally expelled.

INDIGESTION SYMPTOMS

In Stomach	In Bowel
GASES in STOMACH with eructations.	GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.	Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.	ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated white all over.	TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of Nose.	COMPLEXION muddy or sallow.
EATING disliked. Some Nausea.	EATING disliked or loathed. Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
PAINS darting through Chest. Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.	PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION

Sold Everywhere. **Prices 1/3 and 3/-**

THE CICFA CO.,
8, DUKE STREET, MANCHESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

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